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Forum

The C. C. F. Convention and After

Frank H. Underhill

Manuscript: Thirteenth Century

Abraham M. Klein

Politics in Saskatchewan

Burton T. Richardson

Words to Girls

Leo Kennedy

Tempest

R. L. Shoolman

THE CANADIAN FORUM

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BURTON T. RICHARDSON is a Saskatchewan newspaper man who presents an intimate and authoritative description of how the Liberals took no chances during the recent Saskatchewan provincial election.

W. C. GOOD, a former Independent Member of Parliament, discusses the vexed question whether institutions or human beings most need reforming.

JAMES H. WELLARD, as an Englishman doing post-graduate work at the University of Chicago, has an advantageous position from which to discuss the 'culture hunt' in America.

In the next issue, C. HARTLEY GRATTAN will discuss the United States' attitude to war; LEON MAYRAND will write upon the French-Canadians and France; H. CARL GOLDENBERG will describe recent political developments in Quebec, while a stockbroker, who prefers to remain nameless, will give his reasons for predicting the collapse of the boom in gold stocks.

THE CANADIAN FORUM

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FROM the welter of rumours surrounding the publishing of Mr. Stevens' now notorious pamphlet on industrial conditions, three things are at least clear. The number of copies printed make it obvious that it was intended for more than private circulation. Secondly, it was in no way a semi-official interim report of the Committee on Price Spreads and Mass Buying nor yet an essentially objective interpretation of the evidence given before the Committee. The language of the publication is rather that of a political pamphlet, written, not to plead the case of a party, but that of an individual. Thirdly, on the justifiable assumption that the pamphlet was a calculated piece of personal publicity, Mr. Stevens must be growing impatient with his inquiry, or else he would never have taken a step which so thoroughly jeopardized his judicial position as its chairman; from whatever point of view the incident is regarded, it cannot be said to further the interests of the investigation as such. Mr. Stevens is apparently reconciled to the idea of losing its chairmanship, although the Government can hardly dismiss him from it completely and will probably leave him as a member, even if it considers him a devil's advocate. The weight of public opinion which he has managed to enlist in his support cannot fail to give him a strong hand. And, in spite of the summary suppression of his pamphlet by Mr. Bennett, he may yet be successful in forcing action. If he is, his power in the Conservative party will be correspondingly increased and he will enjoy the prospect of succeeding Mr. Bennett. On the other hand, if he fails in this objective, he will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that he has dissociated himself in the public mind from the doctrines of a party which has no reason to anticipate a general election with abounding optimism.

* * *

CONTROLLED marketing of agricultural products is being cautiously launched and Mr. Bennett apparently entertains some fears for the fate of the Canada Marketing Board under another (presumably Liberal) Government. The administration of the Natural Products Marketing Act is of a tentative nature; schemes of control will have to be initiated by producers and passed by the Board and the Cabinet. Actual selling will be carried out by bodies selected by the producers and the Board

at Ottawa will possess merely an advisory and reviewing function. Within these limits its personnel is excellent. Its members are young and able. As experts in their respective fields they can take an impartial view of the various interests which will be paraded before them. The board is linked to the Department of Finance by the appointment of Mr. A. K. Eaton and includes what will be essential to any control scheme, an excellent statistician, in Mr. C. B. Davidson. In so far as they are all members of the civil service, their duties in connection with the Marketing Act are, for the present at any rate, only part time ones, for which there is no mention of any added remuneration. The Government has decided to take little more than a negative part in the regulation of marketing but, with the growth of Major Elliott's schemes in Great Britain and the possibility of another wheat agreement, more positive and distinctive functions will have to be allotted to the Board if the Act is to operate effectively.

* * *

THE postponement of the meetings of the International Wheat Conference until November and the declaration of an 'open season' of wheat export proves the practical difficulties rather than the theoretical undesirability of either export quotas or acreage reduction which the Conference attempted to achieve. Argentina, with its disorganized producers and its export trade in the hands of two large European houses has proved the stumbling block to agreement. It is to be hoped that when the Conference next meets, its members will be able to agree upon plans similar to those embodied in the original Wheat Agreement instead of being forced to revert to the unregulated cut-throat competition which is the only alternative. Opponents of such measures maintain that price-raising measures on the part of exporting countries only act as a further stimulus to European protective action, but they have yet to show that the tariffs on overseas wheat have the objective of making it cheaper; on this score, exporters and importers have a real if unrecognized common interest. Those who attribute the malady to tariffs entirely do not appreciate that the government-subsidized crops in Europe cannot be liquidated over-night; and the importer does have the last word. Those who condemn the policy of scarcity, as illustrated by the Wheat Agreement,

forget that such artificial scarcity as it would impose is only the answer to an artificial glut. And it cannot be said that the essential feature of any economy of plenty will be the ruthless cramming of wheat-bread down the throats of the population. It is true that, while acreage is being cut, thousands are starving; but it is also true that, when a general rise in the standard of living would feed these thousands with bread, it would also cause the relatively more prosperous classes to eat meat and vegetables rather than bread. There is no limit to most of the common needs; a relative pauper may live in a marble palace, but he cannot consume more than a certain amount of bread. Though wheat prices are rising, the bulk of the gain will go to the Government with its large holdings; though the world carry-over is slightly reduced for the coming crop year, European nations still have large stocks to call upon; despite the drought and the reduction in the American exportable surplus, the prospects for international trade in wheat are far from bright. Consequently, the farmer will depend to no small extent upon some plan by which government intervention of a sane type may help to counteract some of the illogicalities of the government intervention of the past.

* * *

PRESUMABLY the new Principal of McGill University will be appointed in the near future, although this item was not included in the agenda of the recent meeting of the Board of Governors of that institution. It was more than a mere coincidence, however, that this meeting was held in the C.P.R. board room in Montreal, and Sir Arthur Currie's successor will find a situation which, from its very nature, cannot be conducive to the interests of liberal education. In a very suggestive article in the spring number of the *Queen's Quarterly*, Sir Andrew Macphail traces the development of the exclusive tradition of the Board of Governors. Originally appointed by the Lieutenant-Governor, since 1910 the governors have enjoyed the right of appointing themselves, a power which was confirmed by statute in 1923; similarly the graduates' representatives must be approved by the Board. The body 'was then and is now composed of the most powerful financial minds in the community' and, as Sir Andrew suggests, 'no alien mind can enter'. During Sir Arthur Currie's principalship, the Board was content to confine itself to business and to leave strictly academic matters alone, but the necessity of appointing a new Principal must throw the latter responsibility back upon their shoulders. With the inevitable consequences this choice must have for the future of the university, the absence of 'alien minds' in a clique whose personal interests are so firmly cemented in the present structure of society and whose minds are necessarily engrossed in the business tradition, is not a happy augury. And it is ironical that the Board's complete control of investment has necessitated a severe reduction in salaries and a fifty per cent. increase in fees.

THE Liberal insurrection in Quebec, led by M. Paul Mercier Gouin and his group of would-be 'trust-busters', has set itself no mean task. The said trusts are by now so deeply entrenched that only correspondingly determined measures can dislodge them. Furthermore, M. Gouin proposes to work within the framework of a party which must bear its full share of responsibility for this particular situation. Consequently it will be interesting to watch the development of the economic policies of L'Action Libérale and the degree of acceptance they find within the party. 'Trust busting' is one of the most varied of modern pursuits and the technique runs the gamut from the intricate legal niceties of anti-combine legislation, through public control to public ownership. The present legislation against combines has not been instrumental in checking Quebec power combines, nor is there any reason to suppose that an intensification of it would bring any more satisfactory results. As Sir Herbert Holt told the Parliamentary Committee on Banking and Commerce, the power industry is now under public control. Consequently M. Gouin's task resolves itself into the mere matter of convincing M. Taschereau that that industry should be taken over and run by the State as a public service.

* * *

IT was quite a revelation to see the Toronto press and other upholders of the dignity and the dullness of life welcome with enthusiastic acclaim the revels incident upon the Canadian Corps Reunion. Front-page pictures and flaring headlines greeted those who, by arrangement with the Ontario Government, again became heroes for a day, frolicked about the main streets and rolled dice on a downtown intersection at midnight on Sunday. The reunion will, incidentally, make the prohibition of other demonstrations on the pretext that they interfere with traffic a patently illogical absurdity. It was probably a very salutary experience for Toronto. It was also, in all probability, an equally happy one for the participants while it lasted, although here and there could be seen a solitary figure which seemed to appreciate in its full significance the condemnation of the years. But the dawn must have been very grey for the post-reunion awakening, with the departure of the erstwhile glamour and the revived comradeship. It is not a cheering reflection that it is apparently only possible to re-create these conditions by dragging memories of a bloody conflict out of what should have been their grave. Pacifists would be better advised to worry less about international organization; theirs is really the more difficult task of substituting a fuller daily life for the attractions of the 'tomorrow we die' spirit, and of showing that present existence can provide as much fellowship as can imminent death. Otherwise their efforts are doomed to extinction with the first beat of the drums. As an appendix, might we add the request that the veteran who borrowed two dollars for a return fare on the argument that his wife was a reader of the *FORUM* would keep the Editor in mind on his next payday?

GREAT BRITAIN'S decision to add 460 machines to the Royal Air Force in view of the state of Europe indicates that, as stated in this month's 'London Letter', the 'strong-arm' group in the British Cabinet have seized the reins from the faintly protesting hands of Sir John Simon and would gallop down the path along which his earlier vacillations have led. In view of the extent of the English opposition to the measure, this move might be considered to be the political misfortune of its authors; but there is no imminent election to make this possible. It might then be a decision to strengthen the English position in relation to the continent; apparently, however, Lords Londonderry and Hailsham would have a larger following in their train, for Mr. Baldwin, in defending the policy of rearmament in the air, pointed out that the proposals were part of a comprehensive scheme of imperial defence considered by the experts to be adequate. Hence it is not surprising to find the succession of distinguished service men who have seen fit to visit this country of late advocating larger armies, navies and air forces for the Empire. At least they have delivered their message in public. But now Sir Maurice Hankey, the Secretary of the Imperial Defence Committee, is engaged upon 'a confidential mission of the highest importance connected with the defence of the Empire'. There has long been close military co-operation between Ottawa and Westminster, especially with respect to personnel, the implications of which have only recently been questioned. But now, judging from Sir Maurice Hankey's visit and Mr. Baldwin's statement, the military arm would run away with public policy. What commitments have been made may or may not be known to Mr. Bennett. They certainly are not the property of anyone without the circle of the elect and, whatever the functions of the expert may be, it is beyond the imagination of the most inspired political scientists to maintain that they include that of deciding upon questions of peace and war.

* * *

DESPITE the universal armament increases in Europe, there has been some hope held out for an improvement in the political situation by the prospect of an Eastern Security Pact, the fate of which depends upon the consent of Germany and Poland, and particularly the former. At a time when Herr Hitler would appear to be reaching his dizzyest heights in being elected President as well as Chancellor of the Reich, he is also being stripped bare of his pretences to actual power. National Socialism has fallen into the hands of the junkers at home, while his foreign policy threatens to achieve what all German diplomats have for generations avoided like the plague. Far from obtaining the Polish Corridor for Germany, Hitler has signed a non-aggression pact with that country with its francophile inclinations. He has thrown the U.S.S.R., anxious to gain security in the West for fear of Japanese aggression in the East, into the arms of France. Now, despite his disavowal of the Nazis who murdered Chancellor Dollfuss, he has entirely alien-

ated Italy and removed all possibility of extending the frontiers of the Reich to the Tyrol. Facing complete encirclement by France, her allies, Italy and Russia, it is yet scarcely probable that he would enter such a pact without the guarantee of arms equality. But at the same time France is not likely to consider this unless she first secures a degree of security through the pact, while steadily rising armaments make the question of German equality more aggravated than ever. The British stipulations that the proposed treaty should be completely reciprocal and not partake of the nature of an alliance and that it should provide for the entrance of Russia to the League are entirely praiseworthy, but unless the German claim to equality can be pressed, it will amount to little more than a means of crystallizing the predominance of the victorious powers.

* * *

THE increase of the British air forces and Mr. Stanley Baldwin's declaration that Great Britain must consider its frontier as being on the Rhine has had its repercussions in America. The special committee on aviation has brought in a recommendation in favour of augmenting the strength of army aviation and the defensive frontiers of the United States have been described as being 500 miles off the coast. This putative extension of frontiers cannot fail to complicate the relations between this country and the United States, and the American proposal to establish a naval and air base in Alaska is a case in point. Its strategic position with respect to Japan gains more importance from the growing tension between that country and Russia. The Canadian cities which offered public receptions to American aeroplanes on their way to visit the proposed base might, under other circumstances, find themselves in difficult diplomatic situations, and Canada's geographic fate of being interposed between the States and an important base would inevitably involve awkward questions of neutrality. Such an eventuality is not covered by the present machinery of the International Joint Commission and, apart from any other reasons, the foresight of concluding an 'all-in' arbitration treaty with the States would be vastly preferable to an extemporaneous solution inspired by an emergency.

* * *

AS we go to press, there is in progress a by-election in Toronto East, the first industrial constituency contested by the C.C.F.; it offers a striking demonstration of the injustice of the present election arrangements. While such an extended scope is left for election expenditures, the third party candidate starts off with a sufficient handicap in the possession of a campaign fund of only \$174. A conflict of authority between a local station and the Radio Commission has prevented broadcasts which the other parties will enjoy in abundance. In the campaign for a month, the C.C.F. nominee has been briefly mentioned four times in the daily press. Theatres have been refused for meetings and there have been restrictions upon the use of parks. And is it true that Herr Goebbels is considering a position in Canada?

London Letter

THE dominant topic of conversation in London this month has not been any British event at all but the murderous activities of the Nazis. First came the execution of Röhm, Heines and the Storm Troop leaders, and the massacre of General von Schleicher and his wife. And now, barely three weeks later, the newspapers are reporting the murder of Dr. Dolfuss, the Austrian Chancellor, also by Nazis, in peculiarly brutal circumstances.

It is impossible to exaggerate the effects which these events have had on English opinion. The news of the shooting of Röhm and Schleicher by Hitler's orders was received first with incredulity, then with amazement, and finally with indignation and disgust. *The Times* talked of 'mediaeval methods', and a well-known Liberal weekly remarked that such things have not been possible in Germany since the time of the Thirty Years War. Well-informed and responsible persons—business men, journalists and diplomats—have confessed that their whole view of Nazi Germany has been changed by these events. The comment has been heard in influential circles in the city that the massacre of June 30th. was the most important event since the war, and that war-time legends about Prussian barbarity were not so unfounded as we have been thinking for the last fifteen years.

THE truth is the essentially barbarous and inhuman nature of the whole Nazi movement and Nazi philosophy had not been realized in this country, outside radical and Socialist circles, before June 30th. Conservatives were inclined to be sympathetic to the Nazis as defenders of capitalism against the Socialists. Mr. Montagu Norman, the Governor of the Bank of England, is known to have been very friendly with the Hitler régime. Indeed the story is widely told that Mr. Norman, when in America last year, informed President Roosevelt that the bulk of opinion in England was favourable to the Nazis! Liberals, on the other hand, had protested so long (and at the time quite rightly) against the unjust treatment of Germany by the Versailles Treaty that they could not grasp the absurdity and irrelevance of continuing their protests after the Nazis seizure of power.

Typical of such Liberals was Vernon Bartlett, the ex-broadcaster turned publicist and expert on foreign affairs. For over a year Vernon Bartlett has been telling us all how there was a great deal to be said for the Nazi cause because of the shameful treatment of Germany in the peace treaties. Of course all intelligent Englishmen have realized the injustice of the peace treaties ever since the publication of Mr. J. M. Keynes' *Economic Consequences of the Peace* in 1919. And the effect of Mr. Bartlett's activities on the unintelligent masses has merely been to make them think that the Nazis weren't quite so bad after all. The massacres of June 30th, however, were too much. Vernon Bartlett, in a recantation of sublime naïveté in *The*

News-Chronicle, confessed that he had been mistaken all the time and that there was really nothing to be said for the Nazis whatever. Even a moralist will turn!

NATURALLY this revolution of opinion has its serious side. The generally accepted attitude, even at the Foreign Office, now seems to be that the Hitler Government is neither stable enough nor civilized enough to be worth negotiating with at all. The French policy of waiting for an inevitable collapse is gaining adherents in this country. And now at the psychological moment comes the news of the murder of Dr. Dolfuss—left to bleed to death without medical or spiritual attendance. People are asking in London this week: Cannot Nazis do anything but murder? The answer seems to be in the negative.

AS this letter is being written, Italian troops are massing on the Austrian border, civil war is raging South and West of Vienna, and various armed gangs of Nazis are moving mysteriously to and fro between Munich and Salzburg. A year ago, when Hitler's power was at its height, the situation might have provoked a general European war. To-day, however fiercely the European cauldron bubbles on the surface, the fundamental crisis seems to have passed. Hitler is too weak to fight. He is hated at home by ex-Brown Shirts as well as Socialists and Liberals; the country is no longer with him. Abroad, Great Britain, France, Italy and the Little Entente are united against him. He will be compelled to climb down and disown the Austrian Nazis. And when he does so, his prestige will begin to follow his promises and his popularity into the dust.

THE horror felt throughout England at the new revelations of Nazi barbarity have dealt the Mosley movement here what will probably be its deathblow. A huge Mosleyite rally to be held at the White City Stadium has been abandoned for lack of support. Even Lord Rothermere, the millionaire-militarist-newspaper-owner, who has been supporting Mosley since January, has now deserted his cause. The official reason given by Lord Rothermere is that he could not agree with Mosley's attacks on the Jews, his use of the word 'Fascism' and his advocacy of the 'Corporate State'. The real reason, as everybody knows, is that Mosleyism had a deleterious effect upon the circulation of the Rothermere newspapers, and, most important of all, that certain large Jewish firms promptly withdrew their advertisements.

JUST at the moment when the collapse of Hitlerism is beginning to dissipate the war-cloud that hangs over Europe, the British Government has done its best to darken the sky once more by deciding on a substantial measure of rearmament in the air. There was no need for this action. It is condemned by Socialists, Liberals and even many

day, however fiercely the European cauldron bubble Conservatives. It simply represents a victory for the militarist wing in the Cabinet, led by the notorious coal-owner, Lord Londonderry. It will of course, push the Disarmament Conference a little further into its grave.

With the spectacle of an armed conflict breaking out in Europe and the British Government piling up its armaments, it is impossible not to reflect that 20 years ago almost to a day Germany invaded France, and England declared war on Germany. Have we learned nothing in 20 years? We have learned something. For there exists, deep in the heart of the common people throughout Europe to-day, a passionate hatred of war.

DOUGLAS JAY

TEMPEST

Deep brooding of a sultry autumn night.

On a dark hill-side, silent, looking down

We sit and watch a myriad points of light

Studding the city's shadow-woven gown.

Thickly opaque, the clouds take on a glow

Of dull unearthly red. Across the East

Sinister, phosphorescent, leaping low

Heat-lightning flashes like a jungle beast.

There is no sound of thunder. Silence sleeps

On a warm hill-side. Through the languid air

Secretive, sinuous, something coils and creeps

Into our senses till we grow aware

Of half-elusive promptings: puppet-strings

Compel our movements and direct our wings.

* * *

Shot from an unseen bow thin arrows fly

Yellow and sulphurous in jagged course,

Ripping the solid fabric of the sky.

These trailing willows know the ruthless force

Of winds that flagellate their trunks. Their moans

Are lost amid the echoes from the hills:

Thunderous tom-toms, dead men's rattling bones

And the rain's avalanche that swoops and kills.

Stark terror sends us to each other's arms,

Our bodies seeking refuge from the wild

Unleashed confusion. Menacing alarms

Become mere trifles, marrowless and mild.

Sweet paradox! that heeds not burst of thunder

But in a gesture finds a world of wonder.

* * *

Come close: the storm is raging like a fierce

Fabled black dragon wallowing in flame

And breathing gusts of wind. His bright claws
maim

The earth's meek body, and his sharp fangs pierce

Her soft defenseless breast. Come closer yet

Until each heart-beat drowns the thunder's roar

Until our senses break their bonds and soar

Beyond renunciation and regret.

Deaf to the monster's angry voice we lie,

Silent within an emptiness of sound,

Immeasurably joined in time and bound

In space by an imponderable tie:

The chalice is not exalted to the wine

It holds, than your exultant flesh to mine.

REGINA LENORE SHOOLMAN

Washington Letter

THE United States Government is supporting at the present time upwards of 20,000,000 people.

These 20,000,000 are dependent upon cheques of the United States Treasury. These cheques go to over 7,500,000 individuals.

A bit less than one-seventh of the entire population of the nation is, practically speaking, eating from the Federal payroll. Of the total 7,500,000, about 3,600,000 are recipients of emergency relief; 918,568 are Federal pensioners; 970,000 are engaged in emergency public works; 911,000 are regular government employees; 600,000 are in exclusively Federal public works; 350,000 are in the Civilian Conservation Corps; 250,000 in the army, navy and marines.

These people are receiving in the aggregate, billions of dollars this year. The regular (including some temporary workers) employees of the Federal establishment, the ones who number 911,000, will be paid \$1,022,000,000 during the current fiscal year.

The public debt of the United States Government is approaching \$30,000,000,000. The \$500,000,000 appropriated for drought relief in the West now appears insufficient to meet the needs of the people of 24 states which have almost dried up but haven't blown away. Other relief expenditures do not decrease. It appears that the country will be fortunate indeed if the next winter finds the amounts expended during the last equal to the task confronted.

* * *

WHAT does this all portend? No one knows. But with Congressional elections breaking out like a rash all over the country this summer and fall, there are as many guesses as to what it means as there are candidates.

The situation is too complex to permit analysis with any degree of accuracy. Everywhere you look there are masses of figures of astronomical length. There are stacks of statistics on every desk. There are graphs and charts and if any one is still not convinced that figures can lie, he needs but inspect the elaborate graphs and charts of Democrats showing unlimited prosperity just around the ballot box, and the same kind of graphs and charts done by Republican experts showing that another six months of New Deal and it will be too late even to shuffle the pack.

One thing is certain, however, and that is that recovery is slow, painfully slow, to millions of citizens and the temper of their nerves and dispositions are illustrated by the many, many strikes and bitter labour disputes that can be found in every section of the country.

The industrialist, the manufacturer and the banker give little indication that they comprehend the mechanics of purchasing power in so far as they individually are its source. They talk about it as though it arose from some nebulous source as remote from them as social conscience. They talk about it, yes, but as though they had no control over it and were only vaguely interested in encouraging

it constructively. It is this fundamental lack of understanding on their part that was largely responsible for the emergency which necessitated a New Deal. As they continue their obduracy, or ignorance, the New Deal must stiffen its attitude toward them. As the New Deal stiffens, their opposition increases. Thus the gulf widens. It is these men who will bring us to fascism or worse, if it comes, not the strikers. That is apparent to every observer here in Washington and the N.R.A. seems to face a showdown as to whether it will give in and let business have its way—the road to ruin, or try once more to touch the spark of intelligence that must lie somewhere in the industrial leader's conscience.

* * *

AN example is at hand illustrating the persistence of this economic disease which leads management to fatten the stockholders and starve the wage-earner upon whose purchasing power the corporation must depend for its dividends.

The example is the General Motors Corporation which employs about 100,000 workers. The standard of living of these workers is no more enviable, despite the prosperity of General Motors, than any other similar group of factory employees. Presumably they could be paid considerably higher wages than they get at present without climbing into the 'luxury class'. It is also likely that any wage increase granted would be of benefit nationally by example, and by increasing the satisfaction and contentment of the workers, and by making it apparent that the management considered them sufficiently important to reward them a bit more generously for their part in the manufacture of General Motors' many products.

The opportunity to raise wages seems to have been available to General Motors' directors when they assembled in New York on August 6th. In fact, their position appeared most enviable. So prosperous were they in the first half of this year, that a 50 cent-per-share extra dividend was declared in addition to the regular 25 cent quarterly dividend.

This munificent gesture of General Motors means the distribution of about \$32,000,000 on 43,000,000 shares of common stock. It seems that Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., president of the corporation, felt it necessary to explain the largesse, so he said: '... earnings for the first half of the year ... were in excess of the regular dividend for the entire year, plus the extra now authorized. The financial position of the corporation continues strong, justifying an extra disbursement at this time. Again, the distribution of over \$20,000,000, the amount of the extra dividend, will not only be of benefit to the stockholders, but, passing into the channels of trade, will act as a worth-while stimulant to business in general. That is the thinking which prompted this action.'

Let us say that the 100,000 General Motors' employees average \$25 per week the year round, which is a highly conservative estimate. Let us say further that General Motors' directors had announced that wages had been increased a flat 10 per cent. Would that have been starving the stockholders? Would

the stockholders have struck? I think not. They still would have been able to get their 25-cent quarterly dividend and an extra of almost 20 cents per share.

It can hardly be denied that the benefit of sharing this unusual (for this time) prosperity with the workers would have far outstripped the benefit received by the stockholders.

Why wasn't it conceivable to the directors that this might have been the better way? The most charitable answer to this is perhaps that the mind of the 'Big Business' man frequently seems as inscrutable as are said to be the ways of Divine Providence. I hope, out of respect to the devout, that the comparison ends at that point.

As a postscript to this picture of things as they are with us here, consider that the Dupont corporation (paints, cellophane, munitions, etc.) is the largest stockholder in General Motors. What a benefit to the nation Dupont's share of the \$20,000,000 will be, as it passes, not into Mr. Sloan's channels of active trade but into the overstuffed Dupont treasury.

* * *

THE San Francisco longshoremen's strike has revived, in all its fury, the periodic 'Red Hunt' which corresponds in many respects to the 'Jew Hunt' in Nazi Germany, the 'White Russian Hunt' in the land of the Soviets. This time it was revived by the San Francisco newspapers, principally the Hearst press, in an attempt to help the employers break the strike. It worked. In fact, it worked so well, that the Roosevelt Administration has drafted the services of a Coolidge-Hoover deportation expert to rush the 'radicals, agitators and Communists' back to—well, back to where is not quite clear right now. You see, Soviet Russia does not accept deportees, no matter what their antecedents may be, so our deportation expert is going to be attached to our new embassy in Moscow. It will be his job to see if he can't persuade Stalin to accept a couple of large orders of our temporary residents who are bent, so the Hearst papers say, on 'undermining our institutions and destroying the American Government.'

* * *

WILLIAM S. VARE is dead. He was the Republican boss of Philadelphia, whose machine ruled that city with pretty dirty hands for considerably more than a score of years. Ironically enough, he had not been well for several years since he was refused a seat in the U.S. Senate because the Senate decided, not without investigation, that he had bought the election that sent him to the Senate door. Typical of American political bosses of the old school (many are still doing business), a story illustrates the man and his methods. A young member of his machine went to him at the end of an election day some years ago, so the story goes, and said: 'Mr. Vare, I think we will win when the votes are counted.' The boss looked quizzically at the young man for a moment, then smiled and said: 'Son, we don't count the votes in this organization, we weigh them.'

ROBERT W. HORTON

High Politics in Saskatchewan

By BURTON T. RICHARDSON

THERE is no great secret about how the Liberals won a sweeping victory in Saskatchewan in June, though a welter of explanations naturally appeared in the press the morning after.

Economics-minded editors blamed the depression for the biggest turnover in Saskatchewan's history, and politics-conscious individuals said the late Co-operative Government was just naturally no good any way. Hard-shelled Liberals said it was a great triumph for the party's principles and looked to next day's market pages to see if wheat really had gone up to a dollar, expecting this Liberal election promise to be implemented overnight.

The most useful post-election argument is that no government can beat economic conditions, but it is an argument that does not more than half hold water. Let us look at it for a minute.

The general truth of the depression alibi is that few governments, impelled unwillingly by time to face the people, can weather stormy economic sailing. But in Saskatchewan another factor has been curiously overlooked. It is that the Liberals out in the drought and depression belt count their political chickens before they are hatched. A well-organized opposition party makes the defeat of a government doubly sure in times like these. It gives the voters something to vote for, as well as something to vote against. And the technique of winning votes is to get out and ask the people for them.

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IF there is any political party in Canada hoping some day to move out of opposition and into power, and if it finds the competition of another opposition party a trifle keen, it should pause for a moment and give some attention to how the Liberal party made the grade in Saskatchewan. It had organization appeal and it had political personality.

There is nothing like it anywhere in Canada.

Smooth as a stream-lined motor car, steady as a steam-roller, slick as a newly-ground piston, the Saskatchewan Liberal party is the super-machine of Canadian politics.

Without its organization the Liberal party of Saskatchewan would have won the election of 1934, but certainly not in such measure to exceed the fondest dreams of any political organizer. It captured a ten to one share of membership in the new legislature. It swept the Tories off the political map of the province. It nipped what even itself thought might be a C.C.F. uprising.

And the Liberals are still pinching themselves.

Federal issues played some part in the campaign. Not having any other than a vague idea of what should be done to cure depression, the Liberals expanded at length on the well-known maxim: 'When

in doubt lower the tariff.' This undoubtedly got them many votes, because it is easy to understand that a 25 per cent. duty on an American \$4,500 caterpillar tractor comes to something like \$1,200. Many Saskatchewan farmers want a big American-made caterpillar tractor, and it is important to know that the price might be \$5,000 instead of \$6,000, so there will be no mistake about how to vote.

The main thing in Saskatchewan turned out to be that practically every farmer was asked, not if he wanted a \$5,000 or \$6,000 U.S.-made tractor, but to vote Liberal. To get out and personally ask each individual of some 400,000 voters to vote for the party requires organization. If the Saskatchewan Liberal party missed anyone it was only because the odd individual is well known to be incorrigibly Tory, irredeemably Communist, or irreparably Socialist. Of course there were also quite a number who would vote Liberal in any case, and it was no use wasting time asking them about it.

* * *

TO the extent that organization wins an election, the crown of victory in Saskatchewan must be handed to three men, the brains and two hands respectively of the Liberal election campaign.

First is William F. Kerr, who has been the brains behind the Saskatchewan Liberal association for some years, but more particularly since 1929, when through some slip-up the oppositionists got a yard start on the Liberals, took office, and did not need him in the position of commissioner of publications for the province. Since 1929 then Mr. Kerr's undivided attention has been turned to propagandizing, with the glowing harvest ripening in 1934.

The directing force behind the propaganda drive of the Saskatchewan Liberals (someone has to write all those pamphlets), he has edited a weekly political journal, *The Saskatchewan Liberal*, so well for the past two years that even his political enemies had to subscribe, and has spoken thousands of words through a radio microphone. He has really studied the implications of his party's platform, for after all someone has to know about these things if the platform is going to hang together.

So when the Regina Liberal association decided to honour his years of meritorious service, he accepted their nomination. He astonished the electors with off-hand quotation of redoubtable statistics about the wheat situation and in the next breath awe-inspiring data on Hudson Bay shipping prospects. Some 11,000 voted for him and he was on his way into the next legislature.

Not quite so much in the limelight at election time were the two Liberal organizers, John J. Stevenson, who is listed in Regina's directory as 'retired', but who has been director of Liberal cam-

paigns for something over ten years, and Archibald McCallum, once a road superintendent in the province's pay but always apt in handling the little things that have to be handled for a political party.

'Jack' Stevenson probably knows, in a political way, more about more people in Saskatchewan than any other individual. To him goes the credit for the smooth efficiency of the Liberal organization. He can make a hesitant poll committee think it is going to win, even if the poll population is ninety per cent. Tory. His is the genius that can tell which way the political wind is blowing on a calm day. He is so sensitive to political currents, it is said that he can select the result of one poll out of any constituency on election night and tell who will win the seat.

A tall filing cabinet in his office contains reports on polls in all constituencies in the province. They are received at intervals. Practically everyone with a vote in any rural riding has been included in the 'enumeration' which produced the totals shown in the complete report on the riding.

Of course the actual pre-election counting of noses is done by local poll workers. The reports are compiled by constituency organizations. By means of these reports, in the central office the inner circle of the party can know, with reasonable accuracy, just how the election is going.

It may look like a great deal of trouble, but it is organization of this kind that produces greatest profits from the money spent in campaigning. For instance, a German-speaking campaigner may do harm in some localities, and nothing but good in others. Someone has to know to which schoolhouse and to which district such a speaker can be sent to best advantage. 'Jack' Stevenson is the man in the Saskatchewan Liberal organization who knows. When the fate of a constituency hangs in the balance of a poll or two, someone has to know on which poll a drive may be concentrated. Otherwise a great deal of good campaigning may be misdirected and wasted.

* * *

JUST how this system works out is shown in Last Mountain constituency, which witnessed the closest contest of all in Saskatchewan's election. G. H. Hummel, Liberal, won the seat, according to the official count, by fourteen votes.

The final report, three days before the election, on Last Mountain told Liberal headquarters the votes had been counted by Liberal workers as follows:

Liberal	3,167
C.C.F.	1,856
Conservatives	1,083
Doubtful	989
Total	7,095

A canny organizer knew this report was not as good as it seemed. First of all allowances must be made in all totals for voters who will not get out to vote. Deduct five per cent. Being a realist, the organizer must allow further a margin of error for over-enthusiasm. No doubt everyone who can be counted as Liberal has been counted in this way.

On the other hand the opposition is likely to be under-estimated. Therefore, deduct a further ten per cent. from the Liberal total.

There are still 989 'doubtful' votes to be allotted, and if the worst happens this total will all go to the strongest opponent. Add them to the C.C.F. This brings the possible standing to

Liberal	2,760
C.C.F.	2,753
Conservative	1,031

This is much too close for comfort. It is time to train some of the big guns on Last Mountain. Liberal speakers and canvassers poured into the southern end of the constituency, which is only twenty miles from headquarters.

Here is what the returning officer found when he counted the ballots:

Liberal	2,719
C.C.F.	2,705
Conservative	1,341
Total	6,765

And that is how Last Mountain worked out. It is hard to believe, but the figures came right out of the Liberal organization.

* * *

PROBLEMS of another kind continually crop up for a political organization to deal with, and Liberals in Saskatchewan were not surprised some weeks before the election to learn there was some talk going around among Ukrainian voters that, though they had always voted Liberal, they had not received due recognition. They did not have a candidate of their own in the campaign. As there are between 40,000 and 50,000 Ukrainian voters in Saskatchewan, this report created a problem requiring the closest attention of the inner circle of the party.

It was just the sort of situation that 'Archie' McCallum could handle.

Here is what happened. The Ukrainians got one of their own prairie-born sons, a Saskatoon doctor, as a candidate in one of the north-eastern constituencies. Despite reports in the daily papers that an 'outside' candidate would not be welcome, the Ukrainian candidate arrived, received the support of the nominating convention, and any ruffled feelings among local Liberals were smoothed over. It was a situation that required finesse.

Political dopesters said it was a sacrifice hit on the part of the Liberal party. A Ukrainian candidate in one constituency would keep the Ukrainian vote in eight or ten other constituencies in line. It did not matter whether or not he was elected.

Came the election. The Ukrainian-Canadian candidate not only won the seat, but he piled up a majority of about 2,000, out of only some 6,000 votes in the riding.

Liberals are still chuckling over it, and their opponents are still perplexed.

The answer is that it is depression that decides an election—if a little organization can be worked out, just to make sure.

The C.C.F. Convention and After

By FRANK H. UNDERHILL

LAST summer the commentators on public events were all agog over the sudden outburst of high-brow tendencies within the two old parties. The Port Hope and Newmarket summer schools were solemnly discussed as indicating a profound intellectual awakening among the younger generation of Canadian Grits and Tories; and oracular pronouncements were delivered as to their ultimate significance in Canadian politics. But since then the Ontario and Saskatchewan elections, coming on top of those of British Columbia, have made the result of the next Dominion election a foregone conclusion; and as our two old parties never think beyond the next election, they have both quickly given up the useless pretence of having anything intellectual about them, and there have been no summer schools this year.

Last summer the new political movement, the C.C.F., also made the headlines with its first national convention in Regina. Since it then adopted a platform which has given it plenty to talk about, political old-timers have been puzzled as to why it should hold a second convention this year in Winnipeg. But the annual convention is part of the C.C.F. constitution, and the vigorous discussions of policy which have taken place in the first two meetings have certainly shown the value of this innovation in Canadian political customs. In a country of such wide extent as Canada, where sectionalism is so dominant, the only way of making a national movement which shall be coherent in policy and democratic in control is through these frequent national conventions. Both the old parties have long been thoroughly oligarchical in their control, and the ordinary party member never dreams of anything but the purely passive attitude of a spectator, in the making of his party policy. The C.C.F., which had its origin in the belief that the ordinary member of the old parties was being shamelessly exploited by the party leadership and by the big interests to which that leadership was really responsible, is attempting to preserve a genuine democracy by financing itself from its rank-and-file membership and by giving its members a full share in the threshing out of party policy. It would be absurd to maintain that it has as yet solved the problem of combining democracy with effective leadership, but it has started out on the right track.

* * *

ONE of the myths about the C.C.F. which needs to be exploded is that of its so-called brain-trust. The stories of how Mr. Woodsworth and his fellow leaders were submitting themselves to the crafty influence of a group of intellectual malcontents and revolutionaries who were diabolically guiding the movement towards the upsetting of all

our cherished institutions should now be abandoned by our journalists to the editorial page of the *Mail and Empire*, where all good Canadian bogies go when they die. So far as I know, the idea of a C.C.F. brain-trust originated in the fertile imagination of G.V.F. of the *Winnipeg Free Press*. He is a genial and likeable cynic who happens to be on friendly terms with most of the professors who have been taking part in the new movement, and in reporting the Regina meeting he decided to amuse himself by taking his friends for a little ride. Hence the story of the brain-trust, which spread all the way to the *London Times*. It has caused so much perturbation among so many worthy souls and has wasted so much time at the meetings of university boards of governors, who are not accustomed to the shock of discovering that professors have ideas, that it has ceased to be a joke at all. Professors have been active in the C.C.F., but they are accepted in its councils exactly like other members. In the Liberal party professors also attempt to be active, but they are listened to only when they are imported from Britain or the States. In the Conservative party they are listened to only when disguised as contributors to the *Financial Post* or the monthly bulletin of the Bank of Nova Scotia.

The real weakness of the C.C.F. is that it hasn't an effective brain-trust. A movement which is not merely aiming at office but intends to carry through a far-reaching reconstruction of our economic and political institutions needs a type of organization with which neither of our old parties is equipped. It is trying to work out for Canadian conditions a practical socialist policy, to determine the successive steps by which the socialist ideal of a classless society in which production is organized for use and not for private profit may be realized in our country. This is a task which requires first of all a great deal of research and investigation, and secondly a new technique of popular education. Probably the C.C.F. has attracted about all the votes that it is likely to attract by the mere emotional exploitation of our present discontents. What it needs now is not bigger and better tub-thumping, but new methods of organizing discussion and of carrying on propaganda. I think it would profit by following the example of the British Labour party in this respect. The executive of the Labour party has already published the manifesto on 'Socialism and Peace' which it hopes to have adopted by the party in its annual October conference, as well as several 'Policy Reports' (including one on education) which will also come up for discussion there. These have been prepared by specialist committees after months of study and discussion; and after they have been adopted, with amendments, by the Conference they will form the subject of further discussion in innumerable local conferences, summer schools, study groups, and

public meetings. Only by such organized education can the electorate be converted to an understanding of socialist doctrines and policies. And it may be taken for granted that, until the majority of the electorate have been converted in this way, no socialist government will be given a real opportunity to carry its ideas into practice. Romantics who dream of an energetic minority imposing itself upon the apathetic masses and introducing socialism overnight are in danger of waking up some morning to find that the energetic minority is in power alright, but is establishing fascism.

* * *

THE Winnipeg C.C.F. Convention devoted most of its time to drafting a manifesto on immediate policy. The leaders of the movement after their experience in the provincial elections were impressed by the fact that the voters wanted more definite information on what the C.C.F. proposes to do now. In brief, the Winnipeg manifesto is a statement such as Mr. Stevens would have gone on to add to his famous speech if he had thought out what were the essential steps to be taken at once to deal with this economic structure of ours which is 'upside down'. 'I do see the eternal justice of a man who is willing to work or who does work, whether he is a farmer or an industrial worker, getting at least a chance to live decently. We are bound to give that. . . . The real wealth of the nation depends upon these two groups.' Mr. Stevens, however, and his colleagues, as he confessed, 'have not followed our study far enough for that yet'.

The immediate steps to which the C.C.F. is committed include first of all the socialization of our banking and financial machinery (to eliminate 'the extravagance of the gamblers in finance and the rapacious avarice and ambition of certain people'); and then the protection of the farmer from foreclosure by his creditors, the writing down of farm debts, the establishment of an effective publicly-owned rural credit system, and the control of the processing and distribution of farm products; a large-scale programme of public works, especially a national housing scheme; national regulation of wages and working conditions in industry, a nationwide scheme of social insurance, and effective protection to the workers' right of bargaining through their own unions. If Mr. Stevens and his colleagues ever carry their study far enough, they will find themselves driven to each one of these steps. But if Mr. Stevens finds himself driven to such legislative measures he will also find himself driven outside the Conservative party. As for the Liberals, the unconquerable inertia of Mr. King effectively prevents them from approaching any of these projects.

The Winnipeg Convention also committed itself to a strong declaration on peace. 'The C.C.F. is unalterably opposed to war. If the great capitalist powers drift into another world war, Canadian neutrality must be rigorously maintained whoever the belligerents may be. Canada must refuse to give military assistance to the League of Nations as at

present constituted. We stand for the thorough reorganization of the League in order to make it an effective instrument for peace.' I wish I could feel that all the delegates understood the full meaning of this declaration, but it must be confessed that the discussion revealed the usual Canadian muddle-headed sentimentalism on this subject. There were those who were against war but would fight in a defensive war, and there was one old farmer who thought that it might be his Christian duty to fight for his brother, presumably in France. The bulk of the delegates seemed commendably free from the desire to bury 50,000 more Canadians in France in the process of backing up the policy of Sir John Simon under the guise of fighting for British freedom and democracy; but I am afraid a good many of them could have been swept away by an idealist League orator with exhortations about collective security—which, of course, in relation to the actual League, are just more booby-traps like the exhortations about democracy and freedom.

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ALL the active workers in the movement with whom one talked at Winnipeg were certain that they would do better in the Dominion election than they had in the provinces. And the provincial elections have shown that they can collect votes—one-third of the electorate in British Columbia and one-quarter in Saskatchewan. But, of course, no one doubts that the 1935 election is going to be marked by a so-called landslide for the Liberals. They will not sweep the electorate, but under our ridiculous single-member constituency system they will gather in a huge majority of the seats. This being taken as certain, some other things can be predicted with equal certainty. The Liberals will again be false to their low-tariff principles, as they were after 1896 and 1921. No sane man expects anything else, not even the editor of the *Winnipeg Free Press*. For Liberal tariffs, like Conservative tariffs, are made by the people who put up the campaign funds. They will also fail to find the markets abroad about which they are now talking so glibly. After three or four years of office there will be another nauseating scandal like the customs scandal or the Beauharnois affair; for, while Mr. King is honest himself, he suffers from a complete inability to distinguish honest men from rogues among his advisers, and his advisers will include the corrupt Taschereau gang from Quebec. Generally speaking, the Liberal Government will drift, as it drifted from 1921 to 1930, with no definite policy or action, because Mr. King's conception of leadership is to expose himself to all the pressure groups who concentrate upon Ottawa and then to go in the direction in which pressure is greatest at the moment.

* * *

ALL these things will discredit our democratic system of government, and democracy cannot stand much more discredit in Canada or in other countries. If the world economic crisis continues as it seems likely to do, such cumulative dis-

credit as will result from four years more of King government after the last four years of Bennett government will bring Canada appreciably closer to fascism. The only way to escape fascism is to have a clear alternative to it and to begin now to educate the electors in what that alternative means. Vague talk about preserving our ancestral liberties will no doubt win the next election for the Liberals; but when it becomes clear that the only liberties they are thinking about are the liberties of business magnates to make money as they please there will be a reaction. Then it will seem that the only real Liberals in this country are the socialists.

Depression Over?

THERE has been so much discussion, in Parliament and press, about the unemployment problem, that it would not be surprising if many people thought that our economic troubles would be over when jobs had been found for our army of unemployed.

It is tragically true that the unemployed and their dependents have suffered more than any other victims of the depression, and that if it were possible to find employment for the hundreds of thousands of idle Canadians there would be much less suffering in our country. Unfortunately, there is no evidence of a desire on the part of our industrial and commercial leaders to re-absorb the men, women and youths whom they laid off as soon as ever they began to feel the pinch of the depression.

This brings us to a consideration of the plight of the second class of depression victims—those who through cut salaries and short time have been reduced to an existence little better than that of those on direct relief.

In 1930, when it was seen that the depression had come to stay a while, industrial and commercial leaders began a 'rationalization' campaign which has never ceased. First, the number of employees in various establishments was reduced to the absolute minimum. Next followed reduction in salaries from 10 per cent. to 50 per cent., and shortly afterwards, a harshly conceived system of short time. The workers were helpless, and none dared to protest the salary cuts or short time, for fear of punishment by the dread alternative—unemployment. During the years of the depression the position of these employed victims has grown steadily worse.

The unsavoury facts that are to follow concern a large Canadian departmental store, in which many hundreds of men and women, boys and girls, toil hopelessly six long days a week, never knowing how much money will be in the next pay envelope. Department managers are warned to 'cut to the bone' in the matter of salaries. This is the only form of economy known to the executives of this establishment. Money is still lavished upon interior and exterior decoration; costly structural changes are frequently made; huge sums are squandered on

expensive and foolish advertising—but when the question of salaries is discussed, there is only one decision: cut and cut again!

Consider the case of the man, a manual worker in a service department, the father of seven children, whose pre-depression pay of eighteen dollars a week quickly dropped to fifteen—and this man's pay is still shown on the books as a monthly salary at this rate. Shortly afterwards, however, it was discovered that the men were working harder than ever, through fear of losing their jobs, and this inspired the idea of short time, which reduced his income by one-third. The worries of unpaid rent, untended sick children and an ailing wife began to play havoc with his health, and now he is more of a wreck and more undernourished than many an unemployed family man on direct relief. Another worker, with not quite as much pride, when his earnings were reduced to the level of direct relief, resigned his job and went on relief.

A man of sixty-five, a reliable, conscientious worker, after three years of harder work for less pay, is growing visibly weaker every day and cannot last much longer. At least a dozen other family men have had to struggle through bad bouts of the 'flu, the grippe, bronchitis and other sicknesses because they could not afford to take the necessary couple of days off to get well. To see these men courageously performing their underpaid duty, hacked by coughing, shaken by fever, and exhausted by sleepless nights and long days of hard work, is reminiscent of war days.

For many weeks a formerly happy, steady worker went about his labours with a tragic face and sagging shoulders. His wife was seriously ill, requiring an internal operation. Their petty savings had been used up to supplement the reduced income and it was impossible to pay hospital fees. Two months of desperate waiting for a vacant bed in a crowded hospital (with a long waiting list) reduced the wife to a vitally low state of health and the husband to a nervous wreck.

Almost as desperate as the plight of the adults (and auguring ill for the future) is the condition of the young men and lads who began to work five years ago after leaving school. Starting with a monthly remuneration of twenty-two dollars a month, these boys, now grown lads and young men, are paid the same small salaries. Only those whose parents have not suffered from the depression have escaped (and then not entirely) the hopeless desperation that afflicts most of these youths. What is there before them? Their lives are stagnant. There has been no promotion, no change of any kind, except that, as casualties are not replaced, these lads now work harder than ever before. Every cent they receive in wages is used up for their board. They have no pocket money, and they are insufficiently clad for a Canadian winter. Only the strictest supervision prevents them from following the example of the thousands of minors who now fill our prisons.

As though the cutting of salaries and short time

policy were not sufficient to keep up the payment of dividends, an attack was made upon employees' 'privileges'. As compensation for having to work overtime without pay whenever required, and for the long hours of Christmas shopping, employees were allowed a fortnight's vacation with pay each year. This was reduced to one week. In good times this was no gift from the employers at all, for no extra help was engaged to replace the employees on vacation—the others had to do their work. It is impossible to estimate the damage done to the health of these employees by this cutting of the vacation time.

Another item that was supposed to compensate for unpaid overtime was an annual bonus. This, too, was cut, first in half and then to nothing—but no overtime work was paid for, although there is more over time now than before the recompenses were discontinued.

Perhaps the meanest policy of all was that of treating employees on a monthly salary as workmen paid by the hour. When business slackens ever so slightly, small or large numbers of employees are sent home at 3.30 p.m., 1 p.m., and even 10.30 a.m. Employees receiving a dollar a day, and less, are brought in for store opening, and are sometimes sent home at 10.30 a.m.—having been allowed to earn 25 cents, out of which 12½ cents was paid for street car fare! Directors and executives prow around the store, and if an employee appears to be disengaged for a few minutes, home he or she must go—and lose the rest of the day's pay.

This policy is particularly unreasonable because departmental stores today hold frequent intensive sales, during which employees work at high pressure, and they need the relaxation of normal business in order to be fit for the next rush. Furthermore, mass buying has enabled the directors of this store to win business from smaller retail stores, with the result that there has been big and steady improvement during the past eight months. Promises to restore salaries to pre-depression rates have been broken, for these were made only to spur employees on to greater efforts.

It will be seen that these employees live in constant insecurity. They have no regular income. They cannot budget, and life is only a bare existence for the majority of them. The need for new clothing, hats and shoes is pitifully obvious as the workers leave for home at night in their outdoor clothes.

To add to the feeling of insecurity of the employees of this store, efficiency experts are constantly on the lookout for new economies and practically every economy involves the laying off of employees. A change in system, an amalgamation of departments, a re-grouping of duties—each of these 'improvements' reduces the payroll.

It is poor consolation to tell these victims of efficiency that 'overhead must be reduced' that 'a store must be run as a business and not as a charitable institution'. Under our present system, industry and commerce provide the only means available to the masses of obtaining a living. But this inhuman and nationally suicidal policy of salary

reduction, short time and laying off is the only economic remedy known to 'business men'. The application of this remedy over a four-year period has steadily reduced the vitality as well as the purchasing power of the nation—and yet these same business men, through their Chambers of Commerce, service clubs and newspapers are clamouring for the extension of this ridiculous policy into Federal, provincial and municipal administration! We are urged to demand 'business-men's governments' to handle public affairs, in spite of the inefficient and inhuman manner in which business men have conducted the nation's industry and commerce. Rather than hand over government to the men who have failed so miserably in their own sphere, let us have a government that will so plan the economic life of the nation, that there will be no 'booms' to enrich the few or 'depressions' to accentuate the normal sufferings of the masses.

MANAGER.

FALLEN CRUMBS

The use of leisure time, as it is being studied in the United States, happily is not a problem in Canada. Certainly not in the summer, and not for such lucky people as those who live or visit their friends at the Seignior Club.

—Mayfair.

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ADMIRAL SAYS WORLD
HAS LET BRITAIN DOWN

—Headline in *The Mail and Empire*.

* * *

The Star was told that young girls somewhat tipsy have been noticed on ferry boats leaving Centre Island late at night, and even members of the Moderation League are protesting against beer being sold at the Island.

—*Toronto Daily Star*.

* * *

"I was told that the men of Canada are all employed in developing the country's natural resources, but I hope to live long enough to see, when conditions are improved, a somewhat increased Canadian navy."

—Admiral Sir Reginald Tyrwhitt, quoted in the *Toronto Daily Star*.

* * *

Ingenuity and radicalism are in the Roebuck blood. John Arthur Roebuck, great-uncle of A. W., was radical M. P. for Sheffield in the Imperial Parliament off and on between 1832 and 1879, and appeared before the bar of the House of Lords in 1938 to protest the suspension of the Canadian constitution after the 1837 rebellion.

—*Saturday Night*.



The Canadian Forum

Thoughts on Planning

By W. C. GOOD

WE have heard much, of late, about Economic Planning, and are, I fear, in danger of thinking that the problem is a new one. Special attention, of course, has been focussed upon this subject by the Russian experiment, and, more recently, by economic changes in the United States. But the underlying problems have received the attention of thinkers for a long time.

During the first half of the nineteenth century in England the development of industry in accordance with the then popular economic philosophy of free competition and *laissez-faire* brought about such terrible conditions that thoughtful and humanitarian people were profoundly stirred. Robert Owen and his work, the Chartists, and the inception of the great Co-operative Movement in 1844, were signs of protest. Professional economists, at least in Britain, seem to have been largely indifferent to what was going on; but great writers gave vigorous expression to the growing dissatisfaction. Thomas Carlyle scathingly denounced the whole underlying economic philosophy of his times. *Past and Present*, written about the middle of the century, is a terrific indictment. Somewhat later John Ruskin followed along similar lines, but with more definite criticism of current economic teaching. Co-operative philosophy was expounded by Hughes and Neale about 1875. Earlier Charles Kingsley and the Christian Socialists, and George Eliot among the novelists, to mention only a few, added their weight of protest and criticism.

More recently, but still forty years ago, Henry George, in his *Science of Political Economy* dealt in an illuminating and judicious way with the whole matter. There were, he said, two kinds of co-operation in human affairs. The one, directed or conscious co-operation, is exemplified in the movements of a great army; the other, spontaneous or unconscious co-operation, is exemplified in providing for a large city. This latter kind of co-operation, he says, is far wider, far finer, far more strongly and delicately organized, than the kind of co-operation involved in the movements of an army, yet it is brought about not by subordination to the direction of one conscious will, which knows the general result at which it aims; but by the correlation of actions originating in many independent wills. And he goes on to show the analogy between these two kinds and the two kinds of activities of the human body, those, namely, which are, firstly, consciously directed and, secondly, unconscious and spontaneous. These latter activities, which are controlled through the sympathetic nervous system, are of tremendous range, precision and importance.

Another analogy is that between a sailing ship or an aeroplane on the one hand and a bird on the other. In the one case there is a directing human intelligence; in the other spontaneous correlation. And yet conscious direction is always based on unconscious correlations in the individual captain,

sailors or aviators.

In comparing the sailing of a ship with the flight of a bird, it may be said that the unconscious correlations in the latter case are the result of *growth* and *development*, arising from minute adaptations going back into the remote past; whereas the ship, being *constructed*, has no such qualities, but must be the subject of conscious direction. But it will not do to push this distinction too far. The sailing of a ship may be, mainly, a matter of conscious direction. So, too, the actual construction of a ship may be 'according to plan', but of the preliminary and subsidiary activities this can hardly be said. 'Consider,' says George, 'the timbers, the planks, the spars; the iron and steel of various kinds and forms; the copper, the brass, the bolts, screws, spikes, chains; the ropes, of steel and hemp and cotton; the canvas of various textures; the blocks and winches and windlasses; the pumps, the boats, the sextants, the chronometers, the spy-glasses and patent logs, the barometers and thermometers, charts, nautical almanacs, rockets and coloured lights; food, clothing, tools, medicines and furniture, and all the various things which it would be tiresome fully to specify, that go to the construction and furnishing of a first-class sailing ship of modern type, to say nothing of the still greater complexity of the first-class steamer. Directed co-operation never did, and I do not think in the nature of things it ever could, make and assemble such a variety of products, involving, as many of them do, the use of costly machinery and consummate skill, and the existence of subsidiary products and processes.'

No directing human intelligence, no planning, is capable of such a task. The ship-builder avails himself of the resources of a highly developed civilization, without which he would be helpless, and 'makes use for his purpose of the unconscious co-operation by which, without his direction, or in any general direction, the efforts of many men, working in many different places and in occupations which cover almost the whole field of a minutely diversified industry, each animated solely by the effort to obtain the satisfaction of his personal desires in what to him is the easiest way, have brought together the materials and productions needed for the putting together of such a ship.'

The sailing of a ship or the movements of an army, are conscious and comparatively simple kinds of co-operation; but the building of a ship, and the furnishing of an army with supplies, involve much more. These latter are products of a complex civilization, of that kind of unconscious co-operation which does not come by personal direction, but grows from within. Civilization is, indeed, a *growth*: it is organic in its nature.

Economic society is that larger body in which individuals, industrial classes, production and commerce, etc., correspond to the cells, tissues and activities of the individual body. Like its prototype it

may grow, stagnate, decay and disappear; but it is not constructed, and cannot spring into existence suddenly. The carpenter can build a chicken-house, but not a chicken.

What place, therefore, has conscious direction or economic planning in modern life? Is it limited to such things as the movements of an army, the sailing of a ship, or the organization of a factory; or is it applicable to much wider, deeper and more important tasks? Can it be used to direct industry, control production and plan the inter-relations of the industries? These are questions which people are now asking, and which they are going to answer, one way or another. Can we get any light upon them, from general considerations or from experience?

The first observation one feels bound to make is that we should not expect too much of economic planning, or, at least, should not expect too quick results. The body economic is a vast and complicated thing, and, as we are finding out to our sorrow, local dislocations and maladjustments have far-reaching consequences. To supervise and direct the whole is the task of God, not of man. But yet man, as a partaker of the divine nature, may become, in a sense, the master of his own destiny, the architect of his own future; which thought leads to a second observation, namely, *that planning is in itself a growth, the extent of which no one can foresee.*

Reference has been made already to the human body, in which certain activities are unconscious and instinctive while others are directed by the reason and the will. When comparison is made between man and the lower animals it is obvious that in the latter the area of activities covered by unconscious correlation is relatively larger than in man. It is also obvious that reason is a relatively larger factor than instinct in the higher types of man. It would seem, then, that *reason and conscious direction are assuming relatively more importance as the individual type advances.*

Is the same sort of change discernible in society? As society grows does 'planning' assume relatively a greater importance? Is an advanced civilization characterized more by conscious direction than is the case in a more primitive type? The answer would seem to be not quite so clear. Unquestionably the growth of large scale industry in modern times is an immense development of economic planning. The same may be said of the growth of the State, and of many voluntary organizations. And yet even in such cases what we see partakes somewhat of the nature of growth. The U.S. Steel Corporation or the T. Eaton Company did not spring into existence suddenly. They grew slowly from small beginnings; and in this growth the correlation of the activities and intelligences of a great number of people gradually developed. It is true that in the main, such enterprises result from the conscious direction of one, or but a few; nevertheless conscious direction in these cases would be largely futile if it were not accompanied by the correlation of many independent minds; and the success of any large scale business definitely depends upon the degree of harmony and co-operation prevailing within that organization.

The British Co-operative Movement is a very interesting case in point. Beginning in a small way 90 years ago, and definitely challenging both the spirit and the methods of the then popular social order, it is a notable case of economic planning. Having regard to the extent, magnitude and variety of its merchandising, manufacturing, publishing, banking and insurance departments, it is the largest and most successful business organization in the world. And yet from top to bottom it is characterized by conscious direction. Nevertheless, it is only fair to say that this great undertaking exhibits all those characteristics of civilization which mark it as an organic growth; and we may fittingly apply to it the words already quoted that it 'is far wider, far finer, far more strongly and delicately organized, than the kind of co-operation involved in the movements of an army, yet it is brought about, not by subordination to the direction of one conscious will, which knows the general result at which it aims; but by the correlation of actions originating in many independent wills.' The difference between the Co-operation Movement and that order which it challenges is not in the presence or absence of correlation, but rather in the principles underlying the correlation. In the case of the competitive order the underlying principle is that of 'Every man for himself'; whereas within the Co-operative Movement correlation of activities takes place in accordance with the principle of 'Each for all and all for each'. It could be said indeed, though it sounds paradoxical, that the competitive order is a 'planned economy', planned in accordance with the principle of 'Every man for himself'; whereas the co-operative order is also a 'planned economy', planned in accordance with the principle of 'Self help in mutual association'. There may also be other kinds of 'planned economies' such as that based upon the principle of 'State ownership and operation of all industry', or any combination of different kinds. Mr. H. A. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture in the U.S., talks of 'national planning', and 'international planning'. It would seem obvious, therefore, that there are in the field quite a variety of plans in accordance with which social action may take place; and that the principle of growth applies to them all. In other words, there are different kinds of civilization, depending upon the principle of action chosen; but all of them are matters of growth: all are organic.

It should be noted that while history records the existence of different civilizations, which have grown stagnated, decayed and disappeared, leaving scarce a trace behind, and while it may be said that there are different kinds of civilization, each based upon a dominating principle, or plan, such sweeping generalizations are subject to much qualification. In another sense, and from a more distant point of view, there is but one civilization, whose evolution is in cycles, and in which no one principle is dominating, at least for any length of time. Indeed, within any civilization which has occupied a more or less definite place in history, principles and plans are in a state of constant change, and what history records is the outward expression of the inward changes.

Much speculation has taken place with respect to the Law of Human Progress, but that is too big a question to discuss here.

Popular thought nowadays generally conceives of economic planning as the direction of economic activities by the State, through its political organs or agencies. This particular interpretation would seem to arise from two facts. In the first place the great paradox of poverty with progress has become so acute that a great number of people have begun to question the basic principles of the present order. And in the second place, in many countries, governments are the only organizations which ostensibly represent the people as a whole; and therefore citizens in their desperation naturally turn to them for help.

Apart from these special circumstances there seems no good reason for this particular interpretation. In Britain the Co-operative Movement represents almost half the population, and therefore British people would naturally look to the Co-operative Movement as well as to the government to come to the rescue. But in the United States the situation is different, and government is practically the only agency to which people can look for assistance. In all countries, of course, the State must assume a considerable share of responsibility. The danger and difficulty is, of course, that with relative suddenness the State must assume duties which it is not fitted to discharge, that conscious direction will suddenly undertake only what can be successfully managed through organic development, and that with the best of intentions serious blunders may be made. The danger is all the greater by reason of the fact that for over one hundred years, in most civilized countries, the view has prevailed that governments should not meddle with the economic life; and by reason of the further fact that the organs of the State are highly imperfect. Though we profess democracy it is far from true that governments correctly represent the citizens at large; and what little democracy we possess is quickly disappearing in many countries. From both points of view, therefore, governments are badly fitted quickly to assume new and far-reaching responsibilities. And yet, where the Co-operative Movement is poorly developed there are no other bodies which even ostensibly represent the people as a whole. It would seem, then, that we must make the best of a bad job, use what agencies as are available, and improve them as quickly as we can. Rapid transitions and readjustments are always painful.

What, then, is the conclusion of the whole matter? Briefly this: The place of 'planning' in our economic life has been for a long time the subject of thought and discussion, though interest in the matter has been much increased in the last few years. Society at any particular time is the resultant of a number of forces, ideas and principles, and in so far as any one of these may be dominating, society may be said to follow a plan. So we may use the terms *laissez-faire*, capitalistic, communistic, co-operative, and the like, to describe the predominant characteristics of society at any particular time.

In this sense there may be different kinds of civilization, but in all cases the result is the product of slow growth, during which innumerable correlations are gradually worked out. Conscious direction of social evolution, by the intelligence and will of mankind, would seem to be in the line of historic development; but no great success is likely to attend such 'economic planning' unless and until it becomes generally accepted and embedded in the economic life, so that the innumerable correlations and interrelations which are involved become largely unconscious and habitual. 'Planning', itself, is a matter of growth.

'Planning' assumes, of course, in a general way, social solidarity and social control. Every civilization necessarily involves a considerable degree of co-operation and character on the part of its individual members. The unconscious co-operation which takes place through the division of labour and exchange, even though prompted largely by self-interest, does develop character. Unfortunately, however, a civilization ostensibly based upon individual self-seeking is at war with itself, and is inherently unstable. Only when the individual is consciously devoted to the general welfare does the social condition become stable. And, if history has any lessons to teach, and religion any validity, the only plan upon which an enduring social structure can be built is that which recognizes the solidarity such a plan will include both the personal and the institutional. It will mean the cultivation of the social mind in the individual, and the remodelling of economic institutions in harmony with solidarity and brotherhood, the personal and the institutional acting and reacting upon one another. This accepted, 'economic planning', whether it takes place under the auspices of the State, or of various voluntary institutions, and providing the principle of growth is duly recognized, would seem to be both wise and right.

WORDS TO GIRLS

Now that the ritual resumes;
And the quick season makes its play;
And surges up the violent sap;
And tups the dove; and dips the spray.

To shudder petals over stone,
To scatter madness in the blood
That thinly slurred the languid vein
And now drums out for lustihood;

Cup lovers' hands about your breasts;
And give them kisses sharp as wine;
And speed the cycle of your needs
With swelling fields and fruitful kine.

LEO KENNEDY



Before the Silence

By D'ARCY MARSH

LORD SANKEY'S speech in the House of Lords on the evening of July 3rd. was as pathetic as any that has been delivered at Westminster for a good many years. He asked his companions of forty years to resume their broken friendship and, in order to lend authority to his appeal, he reminded them of their approaching dissolution.

'The time is not far distant,' he said, looking over the benches to Philip Snowden, 'when Lord Snowden and I and many of our old friends in the Labour party will go down into the silence. Before that time I hope Lord Snowden and the Prime Minister and our old friends will at any rate be personal friends, however much we may differ politically.'

The place and the time of its delivery added tragedy to that appeal. It was made in public, in the presence of many who had helped to destroy the old Labour party, and it served to reveal to them the inner bankruptcy of a once-gallant association and therefore the completeness of the destruction which had been wrought; it followed directly upon what may well prove to be Philip Snowden's bitter valedictory upon the failure of Ramsay MacDonald, and through MacDonald of himself.

Furthermore, the fact that Snowden's attack was prompted by the Prime Minister's refusal to protect the Land Tax sharpened the situation with the edge of poetic irony. The Land Tax was Snowden's child, in a sense the fulfilment of his early battle against privilege. Had he seen it brought into permanent effect he might have faced the silence, from his bench in the House of Lords, with equanimity—for it would have meant that something was saved from the wreck of his life's endeavour. But the toll of the compromise of 1931 was rendered complete and—most bitter thought of all!—Ramsay MacDonald was the agent through whom the final levy was exacted. There have been few more touching episodes in the annals of Parliament.

Indeed, as the men who built up the old Parliamentary Labour party in Great Britain face the silence which Lord Sankey so pathetically invoked, interest concentrates upon the drama of their personal lives—upon the failure of their ideal, the failure of their friendship and the failure of themselves. They have ceased to possess political significance, except insofar as their present plight may illustrate the almost insuperable difficulties of gradualism. Sir Stafford Cripps, with his commingling of doctrinaire socialism and political realism; James Maxton, with his impassioned advocacy of Communism; Stanley Baldwin, self-appointed guardian of the *status quo* and representative of much that was fine in English feudal philosophy; Churchill, the English Junker; even Oswald Mosley, with his swagger and grotesqueries—such men as these are the protagonists of the present social struggle in England. What those others did in earlier days remains. Even their miserable end cannot destroy its value, any more than the collapse

of their friendship can wipe out what was fine about it while it lasted. But, by the same token, it is as impossible to concede dignity to their present position as it is for them synthetically to re-create their friendship so that they may sweeten their going with spiritual comfort. Lord Sankey, when he made that appeal, unwittingly drove the dagger home.

It is almost certain that Ramsay MacDonald does not realize the immensity of the change which success and age have brought about; if he did, especially when facing the impending silence (Lord Sankey's phrase insistently recurs) alone in his bedroom, then surely he would become unable to endure further the harlequinade of his declining years. If he suddenly appreciated the extent to which he has denied in practice what he so urgently professed in theory, surely he would seek the obscurity and peace which his long public life warrants. But he goes blandly on, unconscious of the part he is playing. He knew once that the times were out of joint and later, quite evidently, began to curse the spite that he had contracted to set it right. But this misfortune, not uncommon among reformers, has grown in his case into a profound tragedy—for, perhaps because of that ineffable chemical change in the brain cells which sometimes precedes the final dissolution, Hamlet has changed into Pantaloon.

There was a brief period when Ramsay MacDonald filled a far different rôle. In the years of Labour ascendancy in Great Britain, he was a great moral force in Europe. At that time he and the other Liberals—Stresemann and Herriot, Brüning and Aristide Briand, Lord Robert Cecil and Arthur Henderson—gave the world a glimpse of peace, based upon the collective system in the name of which the League of Nations was created. There is no reason to doubt their sincerity in terms of the academic ideal, and that they failed—how utterly we are only beginning to realize!—was due to the false foundation upon which the League and all that it was supposed to stand for were based. That period, in the Indian Summer of European liberalism, was MacDonald's fulfilment. It would be better if the rest had been silence.

With Lord Snowden it is a different matter. In his terse announcement of betrayal, his refusal to concede one sop to the sentiment of old attachments, lies the suggestion that for him at least the truth is now apparent.

Whatever their own understanding of the steps by which they have reached their present status, the irony of the elevation of these men to the seats of the mighty must now be evident to many of their countrymen. And not the least ironical aspect of the situation concerns their respective positions in the realm to which they have attained. The crippled and embittered viscount, long the enemy of landed privilege, a radical who had his beginnings in the Calvinistic class-consciousness of the North of England, is now robbed of the spoils for which he resolutely worked because the commoner who elevated him to the peerage has withheld from the labourer his hire.

Mr. Hepburn's Dilemma

MITCHELL HEPBURN, the latest exponent of the 'New Liberalism', so widely acclaimed before and during the recent succession of provincial elections, after a little preliminary tramping over the politically inert body of ex-Premier George S. Henry, has now assumed the full burden of administration. In translating his message into practice, he may well discover that his ambitions outrun his powers and that, under the present constitutional dispensation, it is scarcely the happy lot of a provincial premier materially to better the lot of his particular domain.

In the first task, that of choosing his aides, Mr. Hepburn has shown both excellent judgment and a sincere desire to prove to faithful Liberals that they will not have to wait until heaven for their reward. On the former score, perhaps his outstanding appointment has been that of Professor Duncan McArthur to a deputy ministership in the highly important sphere of education, while his best cabinet selection has been David Croll, the former mayor of Windsor, who shows promise of bringing some order out of the present chaotic state of relief administration, a task which has gone by default for much too long. It may be mentioned incidentally that Mr. Croll is the first Jew to be elected to a Canadian legislature by a non-Jewish constituency, and his appointment is therefore the more meritorious. The Toronto Police Commission has at last been overhauled, although the fact that a 'hunger march' received rational treatment was probably due more to the dictation of the Government than to the strength of conviction of the new Commissioners. The personnel of the Hydro has been drastically recast and its affairs brought so thoroughly into the realm of public controversy that the pendulum has swung from a political immunity which denied public responsibility to a position which will make freedom from day to day interference difficult.

A long series of probes has been launched, and the discarded garments of the Henry Government will be washed and thoroughly aired by Liberal lawyers. Investigations are being held into the Abitibi deal, the provincial air service, the Toronto and Northern Ontario Railway, and the McCaughrin and Aemilius Jarvis cases. There will doubtless be much muck-raking and possibly some fruitful lessons for the future.

In the meantime, the economy axe is being wielded with full vigour. The major government departments have been merged or reorganized, while minor ones, such as the motion picture bureau, are being eliminated; all civil servants appointed after November 1st, 1933, are to be dismissed; the duties of the district officers of health are to be handed over to the municipal medical officials; settlers' camps in Northern Ontario, which have employed 20,000, are being closed to release the men for harvesting; Ontario House in London, England, has been abolished, as has another publicity agency, the government display at the National Exhibition, to

mention some of the more striking economies.

In so far as this economy campaign constitutes the major part of the economic programme of a government elected largely because of the depression, most attention and criticism have been focussed upon it. Interested parties naturally oppose it, but the bulk of criticism has been levelled by those to the Left who desire a programme of governmental expenditure. In either case, there seems to be an inadequate appreciation of the financial position which was Mr. Hepburn's legacy. The state of the provincial finances in the past has been somewhat obscured by a conveniently wide definition of capital expenditures, under which heading has fallen much of the relief payments made by the Government. Furthermore, the growth of a 'convention of the constitution' by which current payments rather than current expenditure is balanced with current income has presented the present Government with an unexpected bill of between 25 and 30 million dollars, representing commitments for direct relief and relief works for which no payment has yet been made. Hence the rigorousness of the economy campaign and the efforts of the Government to float a 25-million-dollar loan at a reduced rate of interest. So far, the reduction of expenditures has not touched those for relief, with the exception of the withholding of funds from some provincial works. But it is this aspect which will prove to be the essential criterion of Mr. Hepburn's policy. The objective of those who advocate a spending policy on the part of governments must be the redistribution of wealth; cuts in the overhead costs of government do not necessarily militate against this.

But here Mr. Hepburn must find himself in a dilemma. If he wishes to bring about such a redistribution, he will have to discover more adequate sources of taxation for the purpose than those at present available to a provincial government, whether he finances relief by capital loans or current expenditures; more especially as it seems evident that the province will have to bear a larger share, both *vis-à-vis* the Dominion and the municipalities, than heretofore. This would obviously entail an encroachment upon the Federal sphere. But Mr. Hepburn has stated as his avowed objective the balancing of the budget and the reduction of taxation, and apparently has not this course in mind. On the other hand, there is the more logical course of handing over to the Federal Government some of the constitutional powers of control in return for their assumption of a larger proportion of relief payments, which, with its more elastic taxation sources, Ottawa could use in the interests of income redistribution. It is not improbable that Mr. Bennett has cut his contributions to relief in the hope of obtaining a better bargaining position for such a readjustment of powers, as was mooted before the Dominion-Provincial Conference. But here again Mr. Hepburn would balk, judging from his reported attitude on the proposed Federal control of gasoline, while of course Mr. Taschereau maintains. . . .

Similar considerations apply to Mr. Roebuck's proposed 'codes' to wipe out industrial abuses in

the province. They have been but briefly adumbrated, and there has been no mention of the vital question of the form of collective bargaining which could make them effective. It is abundantly clear, however, that, if they are to be effective, interprovincial competition will prove a serious stumbling block. And, if this difficulty is overcome—namely, by vitiating them—then what does it matter?

Mr. Hepburn is an ambitious man; he is young, energetic, and has a capacity for gauging the public mind which is, to say the least, unscrupulous. His emotions must guide him in the direction of an extended Queen's Park with a 'greater than Ferguson' at its head, carrying out the Liberal tradition of provincial rights. But for one who would essay to be an intelligent progressive, the futility of such a course must be self-evident in the light of present conditions and future needs. The more rational course, however, to which the economy campaign could be a useful prelude, would mean swallowing the bitter pill of handing over some of the coveted powers to a Tory administration which Mr. Hepburn has habitually opposed in the Federal House, not to mention the dubious efficacy of removing the Ontario prop from the stand of his party colleague in Quebec. It is little wonder that he is advocating national inflation as a way out of his plight.

Industry's Buchman

I DO not believe,' said the Hon. H. H. Stevens in his now famous speech before a parliamentary study group, 'in anything fabulous: I do not believe in these extremists' views of short hours and all that sort of Utopian nonsense.'

It is difficult at the present time to estimate the political significance of the friction which developed within the Conservative Government as a result of the Stevens inquiry into mass buying and sweated labour conditions. Mr. Stevens himself is in a position of vantage and, more than any other member of the Cabinet, in the good graces of Left Wing sympathizers. When his party suddenly swerved away from the Right, Mr. Stevens swerved with it, but he swerved further and more rapidly and he is now apparently gathering to himself some of the thunder which the party previously stole from the C.C.F. The personal note of his public dissertations upon labour conditions is more in keeping with an Oxford Group confession than the announcement of a minister of the Crown. Only Mr. Stevens confesses his virtues.

Apart from its political significance, and the bearing it has upon Mr. Stevens' own future, the comparatively new-born radicalism of the Minister of Trade and Commerce is sufficiently interesting to warrant analysis. And the remark quoted above strikes a characteristic note. Whatever good he may, or may not, have done to his party and himself, Mr. Stevens has already made a notable contribution to the industrial reform movement. He has

pursued, with a certain amount of ruthlessness, the course on which he embarked without knowing what was in store for him; and he has laid bare, or at least been instrumental in laying bare, abuses which make a far different comment than his own upon the system under which they developed. Yet he has done this without giving expression to any coherent economic philosophy, despite the amount of time he has spent explaining what he feels about the whole sorry business. Having provided illustrations of industrial degeneracy, of the failure of the old sound methods and the emergence of financial opportunism as the guiding motive of big business, he escapes from the obvious conclusions to which these premises point by reiterating his faith in the human nature which has already produced appalling conditions in large stores, in factories and among farmers.

He does not believe in 'anything fabulous', yet he tells a parliamentary study club that the real conservatism, if it is to survive, must find its influence in the home and on the farm. He omits to mention that the influences which have brought about the conditions he deplures are about as far removed from the home and the farm as they can be, that no great corporation can be operated on the 'home' basis. In other words, Mr. Stevens' solution for the ills of modern industry is a return to the lost simplicity of a more primitive industrial system.

It may be, of course, that he has a more intelligible philosophy than this, but that it is politically inexpedient for him to reveal the fact. He is still a member of the Conservative party and that party, while it has recognized the necessity for industrial reform, is frightened of giving such reform a name. He has gone a long way in revealing the existence of specific ills and perhaps it would be too much for him to indict the system which makes possible such ills. So he has evaded the issue by public crying over the spilled milk of human kindness.

So far Mr. Stevens has not challenged the general principles for which his party stands, and therefore there is no true incongruity in his present cabinet position; but, by the same token, he has made sufficient personal capital out of the investigation which bears his name for him to walk across the floor to the Opposition benches and, providing he went sufficiently far over to the Left, he would not strike a discordant note. In fact the generalizations of the C.C.F. might lose some of their academic remoteness if backed up by the energetic probing of Mr. Stevens, and Mr. Stevens might find his direction more clearly defined if he devoted a little more of his time to the study of political science.

Such questions, however, are for the future. In the meantime Mr. Stevens is making public speeches which, since they point to the existence of tangible evils, are doing good. And the time may come when, for one reason or another, he will carry his argument one step further and indict not only the morality of big business men but the circumstances which have made them what they are. To what party he would then belong, if he were still in politics, is impossible to tell.

D'ARCY MARSH



Manuscript: Thirteenth Century

By ABRAHAM M. KLEIN

Who has not heard of Blanche the beautiful,
Envied of every proud and ermined dame,
Of whom the tall knight in the castle-hall,
Yea, and the blond page at the chessmen's game,
Speak with a sigh that makes each syllable
An adoration of her candid fame?
Where is the youth whose banner vaunts no trace
Of the high lady of the ineffable face?

II

The jongleur juggled the rhymed line in her praise;
The sculptor carved her in a gothic trance;
The scribe illumined with some bible phrase
The pale madonna of her countenance;
The stained-glass window and the sunset rays
Blazoned her in a tale of old romance;
And boys ensorcelled with an ancient spell
Flattered their loves with Blanche as parable. . . .

III

Joy was there in that southern land of sun,
Where foreign knights, sojourning in their tents
Dreamed of the lady, jousting for and won,
Amid the strife of trumpeted tournaments. . . .
Others there were of no such benison
Seeing that on their shields there were no dents,
Enamoured chivalry, that pale-faced came
To breathe upon the rose her brief white name. . . .

IV

These christened lilies after her in vain;
In vain these whetted sword-points for the thrust;
For journey home may each, from thrall tothane,
No joust will be; the coat of mail may rust;
The knight may chafe; the charger shake his mane
Eager to snort at blood and valiant dust;
Cobwebs may grow a pennon to the lance,
Fair Blanche regards these dons and lords askance. . . .

V

Albeit within the heart of every youth
There sat a bright-hued perroquet that cried
Her name again and again, she showed no ruth
Unto these bridegrooms suing for a bride. . . .
Her love it was suborned, suborned in sooth
By the grand gallantry, the comely pride,
The manner brave and courteously bland
Of Roland, robber and outlaw of the land. . . .

VI

Who fares through tenebrous forests of Boisvert
Leading his horse through moonlit paths, he may
Discover the couchant leopard in his lair
When of a sudden, a mask will bid him stay,

Ordering his ducats or his prayer. . . .

Shall he, then, lift a dagger for the fray
When Roland, who dubs corpses with his sword,
Utters the swift behest, the short grim word? . . .

VII

Roland the robber-chief! his swarthy crew!
Their very mention breeds a pious curse!
He halts the rich-apparelled retinue
And sends them home, as poor as pilgrims. . . .
He pries the coffers of the trembling Jew;
He slits the byzants from the bishop's purse;
He hunts the royal deer; he laughs to scorn
The surly provosts of the lords high-born. . . .

VIII

Mysterious is love; no wizards know
Its secrets; no astrologers can read
Its purport in the stars, of weal or woe;
The sages are confounded in their creed
Before this matter, and before this throe
The doctors of the schools are not agreed.
Wherefore unriddle shall none why the pale dove
Betook her to the falcon of her love. . . .

IX

The arrow fleeting to the casement brought
His messages to her; they met at dusk. . . .
Only the stars can tell the trysting-spot,
The wind betray it with the smell of musk;
April beheld them in some garden-plot,
October wandering through the golden bosk
Treading the booty of the pilfered year;
And no December unto them was drear. . . .

X

When the sun pressed warm kisses on her eyes
She woke for the fulfilment of a dream,
The whole long day the horloge of her sighs
Awaited the suns last and vanquished gleam,
An oriflamme abandoning the skies.
The whole long day her heart had love for theme
And love for memory, and love for words
Of song that blossomed from the throats of birds.

XI

Alas, that lovers never will be loathe
To fling their vows to all the winds that pass,
To be oblivious to the triple oath,
Perjure the largess of their love, alas!
Many the testaments Sire Roland quoth
And many the hesperidan promises
He lavished as he held her in embrace
And kisses took the pallor from her face. . . .

XII

O, that which must be, in the end will be!
 The churl who brought fair Blanche her scarlet
 shame
 And caused a twittering at her purity
 And made a byword of her sullied fame
 Is fled hence, is gone forever. He
 Laughs with his cronies at her mentioned name
 And by the fire in the forest den
 Raises guffaws among his uncouth men. . . .

XIII

Staid gossips whisper of the wedded maid;
 Good mothers bid their daughters have a care,
 Merchants some time forget their talk of trade;
 Rude villeins glimpse her, and they stop to stare
 Seeing how that her loveliness did fade
 And how her beauty is no longer fair;
 For Blanche pined daily for the sight of him,
 His souriant face, his body tall and slim.

XIV

Daily she rises, weeping, from her bed;
 And steps upon the fennel-scented floor
 Seeking the arrow that has never fled:
 Ye sparrows privy to all secret lore
 Some solace bring to the un comforted,
 Ease me my bosom of its bleeding core
 Banish my sorrow, sparrows, for love's sake.
 Where does he bide for when I lie awake?

XV

Surely he is not quarry to the king?
 O little minions of the air, tell me
 He does not lie beneath the roots of Spring;
 He is not dead, he wants no threnody
 And no worms sew his body while they sing?
 Adorn this truth with all your melody;
 And if you cannot say this thing is so,
 Cease you your chirping that I may not know.

XVI

She said: This world is very anguish; life
 Grows keen and bitter at its mouldy root;
 The moon to me is an assassin's knife;
 The sun hangs in the sky, an empty fruit;
 Sorrow, alas, has taken me to wife,
 And all my pride is trodden underfoot!
 O heart, forgo, then, and forsake, forget,
 The petty passion and the paltry fret. . . .

XVII

Unto the Lord through cells untapestried
 Daily she prayed in Latin monotones,
 Dropping each bead after each hesitant bead
 Punctilious of tierce, sext, prime, and nones.
 Devotional, her tender knees did bleed,
 Her hungered flesh clave to her very bones,
 So that it was a spirit that did fix
 Its palms in prayer before the crucifix.

XVIII

Said Sister Agathe: She has forgotten him;
 She paints the azure robe of heaven's queen;
 Said Sister Therese: She tells of seraphim
 Flaming through dreams. Said Sister Celestine:
 Most piously doth she intone the hymn.
 They knew not, these white nuns, the forest green
 That quivered before her eyes, the roses red
 Ensanguining the missal that she read. . . .

XIX

Guard your soul in your scabbard, Roland; live
 Vigilant as the vulture, look to yourself!
 The guerdon on your head retributive
 Breeds many a traitor titillant for pelf.
 Fates may be hopping through a witch's sieve;
 Treachery may be whispered by the elf;
 Murder may lurk in hidden paths; and death
 Be borne upon justiciary breath.

XX

Roland the robber-chief—he is betrayed!
 He contemplates his dungeon's scurrying mice.
 Now may the castellan stay unafraid,
 The usurer uncheated of his price,
 No more will merchant-princes be waylaid,
 Nor mints ransacked. He will not harass twice
 Domains whose carpenters do now prepare
 A pedestal for him on empty air. . . .

XXI

It is not holy hour, no holy day;
 The belfry clamours forth its ominous noise,
 Viaticum for the unsacred way
 That leads to sorrow deep-dyed and no joys.
 The peers have spoken; the bishop has his say;
 The scaffold rises; virtue regains its poise,
 And while the sexton digs the profane tomb
 The heralds trumpet forth a festal doom. . . .

XXII

Rumbles the death-cart over the cobbled street;
 Sire Roland and the hangman bandy jests;
 The clerics prophesy the nether heat;
 The good wives sigh and heave their heavy
 breasts;
 The dogs bark at the prospect of dead meat;
 The urchins thumb their noses; all the guests
 Attend on this true morality,
 Sagely discourse the varlet and his fee.

XXIII

The dark steed halts before the convent-gate;
 Such the indulgence that old sanction grants
 To felons doomed about to hang in state,
 That ere the good nuns sing the godspeed chants
 The wine-filled goblet and the bread on plate
 May give an easement to his fleshly wants.
 Along the convent-walk the sisters go
 Singing the benediction of his woe. . . .

XXIV

Marvel of marvels in the annals writ!
It was fair Blanche who bore the proffered wine,
It was her pale white hand that unsealed it
And it was she who did incarnadine
The goblet dulling the imbibers' wit,
Yea, dulling better than the hempen line.
Sire Roland scarcely quaffs the tintured cup
When lo! to God he gives his spirit up. . . .

XXV

He lies upon the death-cart's broken boards,
Uncognizant of any further dearth,
Forgetful of the bandit's buried hoards,
Aloof from sorrow, and disdainful mirth,
Slain better than by headsman's two-edged swords,
Awaiting only a cool bed in earth. . . .
There is upon the mouth that open gapes
A potency, forsooth, not crushed from grapes. . . .

XXVI

Old sisters mumble now: Fair Blanche it was
Who at the midnight from the garden tore
The herbs malevolent and the poisonous grass;
Fair Blanche who made a dust of hellebore
And powdered roots against the heathen brass,
Initiate in worse than devil's lore,
The brain-touched Blanche who sang her screech-
owl tune
Plucking mandragora in the light o' the moon. . . .

XXVII

Was it in wrath she mixed the baneful draught
For that she might wreak vengeance? Did she
crave
Such retribution from her pestilled craft?
Hatred unlooses tongues of men to rave;
Venom doth render its dread victims daft—
Was it through these she so despatched the knave,
Sending his spirit volent to atone
Before the Lord, before the heavenly throne?

XXVIII

Or was it, as divining poets tell,
Apothecary passion that thus brewed
The potion reeling towards the bourne of hell,
The drink mortific? Was it love that rued
To see him pendent from the fifty ell?
Unpollen the rose, unbarred the lion's brood
Pluck out the stars; forage the eagle's nest,
Sooner do these, then search the secret breast. . . .

XXIX

The bitter gouts have granted him reprieve;
The rope is cheated by the mordant juice;
The friar shuts his book; the burghers leave;
The gallows creak in the wind; the swinging
noose
Upholds no corpse; the executioners grieve;
The hangman scowls at the enforced truce;
Bereft of carrion for their ravenous maws
The crows afflict the heavens with their caws. . . .

On American Culture

By JAMES H. WELLARD

It is well to remember that words after all are the servants, not the masters of thought. Herein lies one of the essential differences between the scientist's and the artist's use of language; the former regards language as a means to an end, the latter as a secondary, and in the case of the lyrical poets, often as a primary and in itself; and all three, of course, are legitimate attitudes. But the moment that the thought behind the words becomes more important than their sound, euphony must give way to accuracy, though this need not prevent didactic writing from having a severe beauty of its own.

The first principle in discussing such a subject as culture, even when, as in this essay, the approach is literary rather than scientific, is to have a clear idea of which aspect of the multi-dimensional concept is to be emphasized. We can have this by considering certain of the more common definitions, and then choosing our own with the recognition of the others in mind. There is first, a wide, general use of the term, as in the 'Kultur' of the Germans.

Mauthner, for example, recognizes three types of 'Kultur': that of the individual; that of the nation; and that of the human race as a whole—a very useful distinction, although each species needs further subdivision into classes. (2) Spengler speaks of 'the morphological relationship that inwardly binds together the expression-forms of all branches of a Culture.' More definite in scope and meaning is the sociological concept of culture as the process itself of civilization, as it is manifested in the transmitted group habits of a people. Thirdly, there is the academic attitude based on scholarship and the scholarly life. And fourthly, the vague artistic generalizations with reference to the literature, music, fine arts, and so on of a particular nation. To exemplify these four concepts: the Germans would include Law and Architecture under the term 'Kultur'; the sociologists a racial habit of cleaning the teeth; the scholar, the daily intra-mural activities of his university; the intelligentsia, the novels of Aldous Huxley—to such a degree can different definitions incite different trends of thought.

In this essay, the attitude taken is that of culture as spiritual and intellectual refinement; the field of argument, the relation of culture in general to American art in particular. Spiritual and intellectual refinement may need some interpretation—purely subjective, of course,—and we offer 'the development of the creative and critical faculties'; or, the simpler, 'the creation and appreciation of good things'. It can be objected that such expressions as 'good things' are arbitrary, and that in a sense we have assumed what we have to define. But then all definitions are wholly arbitrary, and it is only necessary that they should be consistent and practicable. Spiritual and intellectual refinement is, I submit, a working definition. If we take accepted examples of national cultures in this sense, we can

see that the definition does work, whether it be applied to the folk-lore of a primitive people; the country dancing of Elizabethan England; the German Oberammergau; or the group drama in Soviet Russia. And what is notable in these diverse instances, is the fact that the creation or appreciation of 'good things' is essentially a 'Volkskultur'. For this kind of culture cannot be engrafted on to the stock, but must have its roots in the national heritage and grow out of itself and of its own accord. In this respect it correlates with the sociological concept, in that there can be no vital culture independent of the whole social structure. This applies to a hypothetical society formed of an intellectually élite group and an uncultivated proletariat, as projected by Plato in his *Republic*, or envisaged by Huxley in his *Brave New World*. In modern times the ever-widening schism between the specialist on the one side and the semi-educated worker on the other is responsible for a monopolization of culture in certain groups, and a corresponding disintegration of it in society at large. The people themselves no longer create good things as they did in mediaeval Europe, when every artisan working aloft on a cathedral spire was a craftsman as well as a workman. The machine-minder has no chance to be an artist. He regards his work as a necessary evil; he cannot create good things with his own hands or skill, and his education is inadequate to help him appreciate those created by others. He is in this respect uncultured in spite of the fact that he has had some dozen years of schooling, owns his own car, and can bath himself every day if he so wishes.

Nevertheless, the need for culture is strongly felt by those enthusiasts whose social sense urges them to wrestle with the masses rather than to shut them out in accordance with the smug dictum of the poet Horace:

Odi profanum vulgus et arceo.

Hence the somewhat vague Adult Education movement, the endowment of public libraries, the folk-dancing groups, the rural art classes, the numerous dubious correspondence schools, and the whole gamut indicating culture-consciousness and cultural deficiency at the same time. Attempts are made to inveigle farm labourers working under modern machine conditions into folk-dancing, a pastime which, when divorced from the folk-lore and folk tradition whence it sprang, can have little interest for them, and less meaning. It seems unduly optimistic to expect factory hands to find self-expression in the capers of seventeenth century peasants, or groups of rural women to appreciate the art and music of a remote civilization. Now it may rightly be objected that such groups could neither be formed nor maintained if there were no interest in the objectives. But one is inclined to question both the genuineness of the interest and the desirability of the objectives, on the grounds of the infeasibility of the rapid substitution of education and culture for the seasoned folk-lore and tradition of the older nations—a substitution ominously similar to the forcing processes of the correspondence schools and cramming institutions.

The implication in this strenuous cultural development, as in much of the patronage of what John Erskine calls 'museum art', is that America has not created or does not appreciate her own culture, and is heavily dependent on European art, literature, music and the rest for a substitute. If this is true, it partially explains the deferential attitude towards the educated, or if you like, the presumably educated foreigners, who are gratuitously endowed with the cultural attributes of their nation. Doors fly open before an English accent, and even the out-moded mid-European nobility is welcomed to these shores as a rare specimen of the mediæval culture of 'noblesse oblige'.

Now it is not difficult to understand historically the reasons for this fetish, if one presupposes not only the relative callowness of American life in general, but also the lack of continuity and racial homogeneity. The modern generation is, in a sense, neither of this world nor of the next—but of a 'brave new world', without the satisfaction of a past or the assurance of a future. There was a time when men looked forward and outward, from the days of the colonists to those of the pioneers. Then the thought and energy of the people were fully spent in crossing new territories and fording unknown rivers. Followed the age of brass—or, rather, of brazenness—and faith in the power of money was the substitute for the culture which is the inheritance of the older nations. And sure enough it was found that Mammon was another of the presumably just gods, and meted out a generous portion of good things to his devotees. Other deities had been associated with abstractions—with virtue, courage, beauty, song, and the like, but here at last was a god who had something more tangible to offer, in largesses of automobiles, refrigerators, radios, and synthetic gin. Moreover, since even the most materialistic of cults demand some element of mysticism to dignify them, the symbol of Progress was set up, and in its expansive and soothing name, manifold evils were visited upon the American people.

One apparent advantage of this cult was that men no longer had to think, because the high priests in the persons of the big capitalists, and the satellites in those of the advertisers and journalists saw to it that opinion, which had hitherto resulted from the interchange of individual thought, was mass-produced and regimented like everything else. Indeed, so ruthless was the attack on personal conviction carried on by the formidable forces of the syndicated press, the moving pictures and the nation-wide advertising campaigns, that even the traditional centres of the process of thinking succumbed, and education threw in its lot with the programme of goose-stepping. The last small strongholds were the leading universities, which remained somewhat sullenly entrenched behind their traditional academic fortifications.

This might well have been the end of the story had not this soulless regimentation borne within it the seeds of its own destruction. For one of the appetites indubitably created, or rather, excessively

stimulated, was the desire for novelty. The thousand knick-knacks which appeared annually on the market were a token of this, and the well-drilled public bought them whether they wanted them or not. Ingenuity could not satiate this appetite all the time, however, and it must have been during a lull in the novelty campaign that someone discovered a new amusement, and called it 'The Art of Thinking'. It was found, it seems, that men could do practically every thing else. They could rip through space at any speed from 4 to 400 miles an hour. They no longer, like Marlowe's Faustus, had to raise Mephistopheles in order to get strawberries in mid-winter. They had strawberries and anything else they wanted—except perhaps this new ability to think and the latest fashion in culture.

The aftermath is evident to everyone. Art specimens were imported wholesale from Europe, so that the millionaire could sit culturally content in a home adorned indiscriminately with Titians, Rubens and Picassos; or less comfortably, listening to Beethoven, Brahms or Ravel at the subsidized Orchestra Hall. But there was a fly in this soothing ointment. It was still not American culture.

Brooding on this fact has inevitably bred a kind of inferiority complex, one manifestation being the deference we have already mentioned, which, while agreeable to the foreigner, is not altogether justified or necessary. Obviously a man is not innately cultured by virtue of being born in Paris, Berlin or London, or even by being educated at the Sorbonne, Heidelberg or Oxford.

* * *

To sum up. The American nation seems to have passed through two cultural stages; first, indifference during the period of expansion; second, dependence during that of prosperity. This is probably true of all nations whose economic and political development is too rapid. Rome as an empire-builder was quasi-dependent on Greek culture, whereas the Etruscans had evolved their own. So, too, the Anglo-Saxons built for themselves out of native material a language, a literature, and a learning which was indigenous in contrast to 18th century England, the empire-builder, which had not a culture of its own so much as a rigid pseudo-classicism borrowed from France. A time must come, however,—always providing the society is not decadent—when the national spirit rejects or assimilates the foreign influence, when the genius of the people asserts itself, so that the culture comes from below, is indigenous and pervasive. The transition is not usually a conscious one, although there is no reason why it should not be. It was conscious in the case of the Romantic Revival in England, for in spite of the preoccupation with ideas and terms like Romanticism, Gothicism, Classicism, and the rest, the change was a deliberate return to native themes, forms, and inspiration as they had been embodied long since in the songs and ballads of the people themselves.

Supposing, then, that a cultural revolution takes place in America. The first sign will be an inde-

pendent instead of a deferential attitude towards the old world and all its works. This does not imply Philistinism or any variety of 'low-browism', but rather the substitution of the inward for the outward look. The technical history of certain modern artists well illustrates this principle. They do not, as is popularly misunderstood, despise all previous canons of art and the art itself, but progress through that art to their own particular form of self-expression. The majority of them—the Joyces, Steins, Schönbergs, and the rest—know and value the classical and the traditional, but not finding it applicable to modern life in general and to their personal experience in particular, create new forms, new techniques, and possibly a new culture.

This, surely, is what America should do, through the creativeness of her artists and the response of her people. In a measure, it is already being done by the typically representative writers such as O'Neill, Dos Passos, Hemingway, and so on. These are of more significance than the traditionalists, since by them the first seeds of a truly American culture may be sown. And no one need be too alarmed or pessimistic if there are plenty of weeds and tares among the harvest, for to make something grow is better than merely sitting back and exclaiming from time to time: 'Oh how beautiful.'

Well Shot

By CLIFFORD H. DOWLING

'EXCUSE me,' said John Burtonshire, stepping up to the tall man in grey on Michigan Avenue, 'but aren't you the man who shot my wife two years ago last August?'

The tall man stopped, shook his head and replied: 'No, it must have been someone else. I shot your wife two years ago last June.'

'My mistake,' Burtonshire answered apologetically, 'I was getting mixed. August was our wedding anniversary. It was two years ago last June, as you say.'

'In that case I am the man. Your name is Burtonshire, isn't it? John Burtonshire?'

'That's it. And yours is . . . I'm sorry but it's slipped my mind. I can't remember names but I never forget a face.'

'Allison. Tim Allison.'

'Of course, now I remember. Timothy J., isn't it? Fancy bumping into you. Where have you been keeping yourself since you shot my wife?'

'Here in Chicago most of the time. A trip to New York on business now and again, then back to Chicago? Are you married again, Burtonshire?'

Burtonshire shook his head sadly. 'No, my wife's death hit me rather hard. I haven't looked at another woman since.'

'Yes, I can understand that. She was an extremely attractive woman. I would like to have known her better.'

Burtonshire shot a quick, jealous glance at Allison. 'Did you know her? Did you ever have any-

thing to do with her—apart from shooting her?’

‘Not a thing. I only met her once, and then I shot her. I’m afraid we weren’t even introduced.’

‘I understand. Please forgive me for appearing suspicious, but I’m of an extremely jealous nature.’

‘Quite all right. As a matter of fact I didn’t notice how attractive your wife was until after I’d shot her. I remember thinking at the time that it was too bad to have had to shoot such a pretty woman.’

‘I can understand that. But now I come to think of it, why did you shoot my wife? Several times I’ve thought I’d like to ask you that if I ever met you again. I hope you don’t consider it impertinent.’

‘Not at all. You can rest assured there was nothing personal in the shooting. It was done purely for business reasons. Your wife happened to see one of my other shootings and I had to do away with her in case the State might call her as a witness. If it had been an ordinary affair I shouldn’t have bothered, but it was one of those serious shootings that would have involved some very prominent men higher up. The honour and reputation—I might even go so far as to say the fortunes—of some of our best known citizens were at stake. There was nothing else for me to do but shoot your wife.’

‘You don’t have to explain any further. I understand perfectly, as would any other good American citizen under the circumstances. It only remains for me to thank you heartily for the neat and painless job you made of my wife.’

‘Yes, if I do say it myself, it was a neat job. She died instantly without ever knowing what happened to her. It was one of the cleanest jobs I have ever done. I should have felt most unhappy if it had been otherwise. She was such an attractive woman—and, of course, your wife.’

‘I feel much better now. You know I like to think that my wife died to some useful end. I have always had a horrible fear that maybe she was accidentally—that your bullet was really intended for someone else.’

‘You need have no fear of that, Burtonshire. She was shot in cold blood and after due consideration. There are at least half a dozen men in this city at the present time who are deeply grateful to your wife for her death. She did not die in vain. She saved these men, not only disgrace, but what is more important, hundreds of thousands of dollars.’

Burtonshire roughly brushed a tear from his eye. ‘Thanks Allison. It’s very kind of you to tell me all this. You’ll never know how much better it makes me feel. Meeting you has been like old times. Somehow it makes my wife seem so much closer to me. I’m sure she would have liked to have known you. I only wish you could have met her before you shot her instead of shooting her before you met her. Well, I must be on my way. We must get together again sometime. Let’s have lunch together—soon.’

‘By all means. Let’s have lunch. Give me a ring first time you’re free. So long, Burtonshire.’



LORD LLOYD'S LAMENT

EGYPT SINCE CROMER, Volume Two, by Lord Lloyd
(Macmillans in Canada; pp. viii, 418; \$7.00).

INDEFINITENESS of status, since the World War, has been the curse of Egyptian government.

Egypt is an ‘independent sovereign state’ unobtrusively occupied by British troops. It maintains its own diplomatic and consular corps abroad, but is shielded by Great Britain from the moral hazards of an independent foreign policy. A British Monroe doctrine, moreover, discourages other European nations, and even the League itself, from offering to interfere unnecessarily in Egyptian affairs. Few independent states are still asked to treat foreign interests as tenderly as Egypt must. Great Britain has long since condemned the system of extra-territorial privilege surviving there; the anachronism, however, persists. Both Egypt and Great Britain would welcome a regularization of the former’s status, but no agreement has yet been devised which an Egyptian parliament will ratify.

Lord Lloyd’s second volume is a sweeping condemnation of confusion and ineffectiveness in British policy since 1919. He begins by chiding the Milner Mission for its gratuitous concessions to nationalist agitators. Sent out to devise a suitable constitution for Egypt under the Protectorate, it tore up its terms of reference and urged that the country be granted independence instead. (This, incidentally, is the only recent volume on Egypt in which the full text of the Milner Report is reproduced.) Lord Milner’s suggestions were not kept secret. Egyptian nationalists took heart and threw themselves into an optimistic campaign of violence against British officials, many of whom were killed.

Lord Allenby attempted to win the gratitude of agitators through generous concession. He persuaded Lord Curzon to issue in February, 1922, the famous unilateral declaration under the terms of which Egyptian government is still carried on. The Protectorate was abolished, Egyptian independence was recognized, and it was announced that the *status quo* would be retained in certain reserved points only until British interests could be permanently safeguarded by an arrangement arrived at ‘by free discussion and friendly accommodation on both sides’. Great Britain thus turned its back on a war-time intention to incorporate Egypt in the Empire. The sacrifice, however, did not have the desired effect on Egyptian sentiment.

Further surrenders were made by Great Britain in the abortive treaty negotiations of 1924, 1927 and 1930. On each occasion Whitehall announced that it had reached the utmost limit of concession, but subsequent events belied the apparent firmness of its intentions. Lord Lloyd, during his term of office in the Residency at Cairo, did what he could to reduce the deplorable suppleness of the British Cab-

inet. Even Sir Austin Chamberlain he found somewhat lacking in decision. Firmness on the part of Egyptian nationalists might be merely a 'damnable iteration' (p. 258), but in British administrators Lord Lloyd regarded it as a virtue solicitously to cultivate.

Such being the case, it was not unnatural that an incoming Labour Government should have asked for the High Commissioner's resignation in 1929. Publicly questioned about the dismissal, Mr. Henderson explained that Lord Lloyd had shown a tendency under the previous régime to misinterpret his instructions and that he had been difficult to deal with. The answer to Mr. Henderson's charge is published for the first time in the present volume. It is characteristically vigorous, but the space devoted to it is out of all proportion to its importance.

Lord Lloyd has fought a valiant rear-guard action, single-handed, on behalf of a proud remnant of what was once the British Conservative party. He is in revolt against the nonchalant apostasy of an age which has sacrificed too much to the false gods of nationalism and self-determination. Sound administration, he maintains, is the one true principle to which all else should yield. Probably the chief value of his work as a whole, however, consists in its frank revelation of serious disagreements between High Commissioners and their superiors in London which have perennially interfered with the good government of Egypt. Thus the story he has recorded casts doubts on the validity of his major thesis. The hazards of absentee control of fairly well developed Eastern countries have been freshly illustrated. It is a question whether the requirements of the age admit of sound administration within the patterns Lord Lloyd prefers.

ELIZABETH P. MACCALLUM.

THE BRITISH IN INDIA

RISE AND FULFILMENT OF BRITISH RULE IN INDIA, by Edward Thompson and G. T. Garratt (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xi, 690; \$3.65).

THIS British rule in India that is available to us. Perhaps this is by far the best single-volume history of haps the authors, who are writing for an English audience, assume a better acquaintance with Indian history and civilization than is possessed by most Canadian readers of Gordon Sinclair. But they have produced a very readable work and one which for its critical insight and power of interpretation stands in a class by itself among post-war histories of India. Both authors are well known for previous writings on India and both have had long experience in the country, one in educational work and one in the I.C.S. Mr. Garratt is perhaps best known on this side of the ocean as the author of the witty and devastating book, *The Mugwumps and the Labour Party*. In their other writings on India both authors displayed a sympathy with the natives and a freedom from the official British point of view which is not very usual among contemporary Englishmen. This book is marked by the same characteristics.

In the 690 pages of the book they have packed an amazing amount of material. Their narrative, which

of course tells over again a fairly well known story, is unique in several ways. For one thing, they quote copiously from contemporary documents — official memoranda, histories and biographies — and thus succeed in giving a much more vivid impression of personalities and of conflicting policies. They are also critical of British imperialism whether under the Company or the Crown, and emphasize throughout the cost to the masses of the people of British expansion as well as the benefits received. They are sarcastic about Clive and take pains to remove Warren Hastings from the pedestal which he has occupied during the past two generations. When they reach Cornwallis, after two chapters on 'The Conquistadores' and 'First Shaking of the Pagoda Tree', they pause to remark: 'We are writing of this admirable man with an exhilaration (after the depressing story which has been ours for so long) which we hope is being communicated to the reader.' They take all the gilt of the conquering figure of Wellesley, and make one feel what a tragedy it was for India to have such governors as Auckland and Ellenborough. Their heroes are obviously such men as Munro and Metcalfe. But on the other hand they have a good word to say for such persons as Macaulay and Curzon, who have become the butts of every cheap wit who writes on Indian history.

But their real criticism is of the system rather than of individuals. Their main interest is in analyzing how racial estrangement has slowly grown between the conquerors and the conquered, and how the lack of personal touch between the bureaucracy and the governed has thwarted good intentions on both sides. They are especially good in dealing with the post-Mutiny period when most historians by Englishmen degenerate into a bald analysis of the machinery of government and its development. In this book chapters upon government are balanced by chapters upon the economic condition of the masses from generation to generation and by discussions of the development of native Indian culture.

The survey of events since 1914 seems remarkably sane and impartial. The authors point out on one side how British reforms always came too late, but on the other they do not spare the peculiar statesmanship of Mr. Gandhi. They end their book with an expression of a guarded hope. 'The struggle in India has been accompanied by bloodshed and savagery. Yet, when all has been said by the extreme protagonists of both sides, its conduct justifies a guarded belief that its outcome may be a sane and civilized relationship between the two countries. The moral and social prestige lost to the West by the War can never be recovered, but there is no reason why a far healthier relationship should not develop, and the great sub-continent of Indian form part of a noble comity of nations within the British Commonwealth.' It does not seem to me that this hopefulness is likely to be felt by the reader after the narrative which the authors have given him. But certainly they do succeed in impressing him with the greatness of the issues at stake in India and with the critical nature of the decisions which will have to be made in our generation. 'We cannot ex-

pect it [the book] to be anything but unacceptable to those who do not believe in the proximity of a deluge or the necessity of an ark. We address ourselves, therefore, to those who believe in both, for the simple reason that they are already afloat.'

FRANK H. UNDERHILL

THE EUROPEAN POLITICAL PROSPECT
THE MENACE OF FASCISM, by John Strachey (Gollancz; pp. 280; 5/-).

IT is easy to realize now that those European political parties which most observers thought of as being radical in their outlook were almost from their beginnings merely progressive. Their leaders had accepted the social organizations which they found about them as essentially sound, and therefore perpetually enduring. They saw the hardships and injustices which other parties were slighting, but they conceived their own function as that of practical and constant amelioration. For the increasing application of science to industrial production was the tremendous fact to which their eyes were mainly opened. Nothing more than this was needed to guarantee in due course an ample abundance for all. Nothing, that is, except the existence of resolute parties determined to press for every concession to the people as fast as invention and improvements made them available. This was progress.

Mr. Strachey advances the thought that disillusionment was inevitable because the hope was based on incomplete premises. Generally speaking, it became evident about the year 1924 that, though scientific invention was proceeding at a constantly greater pace, further concessions to the demand for a rising standard of living were becoming impossible. And simultaneously, the dream of world peace which the same parties were sponsoring began to fade. The riddles thus presented were not faced. The contradiction between potential abundance and actual poverty was no more resolved than was the contradiction between peaceful declarations and possibilities and the actual increase in armaments. The progressive parties became conservative in a real sense, for they changed their tactics from offense to defense and even to retreat. Naturally the hope and enthusiasm of their followers rapidly wanes.

Nevertheless, the issue is not settled while the democratic machinery of parliamentary election remains. If the basic need is for a drastic change in rights over the means of production, then it is only a matter of time before a project to this end secures an effective representation in the legislative bodies. That minority which holds the power must sooner or later be out-voted. The so-called decline in European democracy needs no other explanation than this. While the masses of the people are disillusioned and confused is the opportunity for reaction to strike. And strike it does through its own mass party. Enormous resources are thrown behind a likely claimant, and so with unprecedented rapidity a party of violent counter-revolution, cynically promising all things to all men, sweeps the political board.

These phenomena are not due to purely local circumstances. Two major European countries have

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passed through the whole experience. And the author's general warning deserves a special hearing when it is recalled that he foreknew the nature of the German movement while most publicists held the curious notion that it was something akin to Marxism. He disallows the claim that the new dictatorial system can plan to improve the economic situation. Its only solution is to destroy the organizations of struggle, impose such lower standards of living as the exigencies of private profit may demand, and intensify the imperialist drive for sheltered markets. That means the perpetuation of social inequality, and it means war. It means, in fact, the consolidation of the present economic order. And to be truthful, the suggestions (addressed particularly to the British workers) as to how the menace may be averted do not seem to offer much hope. For it seems unlikely that they will be heeded.

This book appears to have been pieced together from hastily written newspaper articles. If this is true, it is unfair to compare it in any respect with *The Coming Struggle For Power*. Nevertheless, one wishes that it had contained some of the power to convert which is latent in that previously written masterpiece of logical construction. As it is, its effect may be unfortunately negligible, except with those who have read such other material as Villard's *German Phoenix*, Mowrer's *Germany Puts the Clock Back*, and Hoover's *Germany Enters the Third Reich*. To such it will have some forceful things to say by way of emphasis.

GEORGE McLURE

D. H. LAWRENCE:---

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MARX REINTERPRETED

WHAT MARX REALLY MEANT, by G. D. H. Cole (Knopf, New York; pp. 309; \$2.00).

THIS work is not just another personal interpretation of Marxian doctrine, as its somewhat unfortunate title might be taken to indicate. Indeed, Mr. Cole is not as much concerned with the doctrine as he is with the Marxian method, the historical dialectic, which by its very nature should preclude conclusions deduced by means of itself from becoming degenerated into a mere doctrine; for the Marxian analysis treated society as an organism of continuously evolving structure and the mode of production as an ever changing order. Therefore, to be a Marxist in the most essential sense one should discard Marx's doctrinal conclusions as soon as the conditions change for which they were evolved. Mr. Cole thinks that it is 'ludicrously unrealistic . . . to go on reciting the Marxian credo about economic classes, as if capitalism were still identical in its class-structure with the half-grown capitalism of 1848.'

Marx believed that as capitalism evolved society would become increasingly divided into labour and capitalist elements, and that ultimately labour would outweigh the capitalist element within the body politic. Then the supercession of capitalism by socialism would be virtually automatic. He did not conceive the possibility of an intermediate class which would arise and attempt to perpetuate capitalism by adapting it along the lines of its own interests; but this is precisely what has happened as the result of subsequent developments within the capitalist system. As the result socialism may not now eventuate as the ultimate outcome of society's evolution, let alone be the very next stage of it, as Marx insisted it would.

Since Marx lived there have been two unforeseen major developments within the capitalist system which have considerably changed the social situation; one, the introduction of the joint stock company, has counteracted the predicted increasing concentration of capital; the other, progress in the field of technical invention, has prolonged the prosperity of capitalism beyond Marx's expectations. Each of these developments has been responsible for the rise of a class of small capitalists, the members of which, though not direct exploiters of labour, derive their livelihood indirectly from this most essential characteristic of capitalism, either as inactive company shareholders or as salaried professional and technical workers. Today this class is sorely affected by the declining prosperity of capitalism; its dividends are cut and its salaries are cut. As the result it becomes antagonistic towards the ruling entrepreneurs and financiers of capitalism who impose on it these hardships in order to retain from out of a now barely profitable capitalism their own heavy margin of profit. But it is, naturally, not antagonistic to capitalism as a system; rather does it seek to build up a new capitalism, State Capitalism, where, in Mr. Cole's words, 'industries and services will be operated on the grand scale under state influences and protection, whether they are in form

nationalized or left in private hands, in the interests of the bond-holding, stock-holding and salaried elements of society.'

State Capitalism, though it borrows much in the way of technique and policy from socialism, does not necessitate all extensive nationalization of industry; but wherever industries are left under private ownership they are subjected to the over-riding authority of the State. State Capitalism is an attempt to restore the system to prosperity by reorganizing it upon a nationally co-operative basis to produce primarily for the domestic market, which is then protected from outside competition by means of an unscaleable tariff wall. As the result of this expedient capitalism may become more profitable than at present while still attempting, as it is, to profit under the conditions of competitive anarchy ruling in the world market. But the middle class sponsors of State Capitalism, in order to subdue the proletariat and frustrate the advance of socialism, necessarily requires the political support of the agrarian populace; and, in order to gain that, small-scale agricultural production has to be upheld. That in the circumstances this necessitates complete economic nationalism, which in turn necessitates curtailment of the modern powers of production; for these cannot be pursued to the full extent except under a system of international exchange. But this curtailment of the volume of output will further adversely affect the profitableness of capitalist production.

Economic nationalism brings a lower standard of living. Moreover, lack of international economic co-operation will continue to lead to the inevitable nationalist wars which sporadically squander the accumulated reserves of wealth. Under these conditions it is doubtful whether the middle classes will be able to prolong capitalism indefinitely by means of this Corporative State expedient, as it is termed in Italy.

Besides this review of the prospects facing fascism and national socialism, the principal elements and theories of Marxism, including the materialist conception of history, are expounded at different stages of the discussion. Considerable space is devoted to the Marxian theory of value; and under this section the problem of a socialist accountancy and standard of value is taken up. This comprehensive yet concise work on Marxism is terminated with a descriptive bibliography on the subject.

D. N. ABBOTT

THE JEWS TO-DAY

HISTORY OF PALESTINE: THE LAST TWO THOUSAND YEARS, by Jacob de Haas (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xxvii, 524; \$4.25).

THE JEWS IN THE MODERN WORLD, by Arthur Ruppin, with an introduction by L. B. Namier (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xxxii, 423; \$5.00).

FROM Pontius Pilate to the Crusades and from the Crusades to Allenby, the history of Palestine is almost a blank to the average Western mind. Even the Crusades are rather summarily treated in textbooks

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which find their way into young people's hands on this continent. It is true that the religious heritage received from Palestine is everywhere acknowledged, but Palestine's legacies to our secular thought and habits of life are consistently ignored. Mr. de Haas has done something to restore the balance. The great universities of the West, he recalls, were not founded until after the taking of Jerusalem by the Crusaders. Europe's awakening to the scientific and economic possibilities of human existence came as a result of contact with the East. Again and again the life of the world has been concentrated in Palestine, 'which has acutely felt the waves of passion or emotion that stir men to action'. The influence of the West has retarded Palestine's natural development, but it is a land which 'declines to be buried in the graves of its many pasts'.

In a matchless introduction Mr. de Haas has done a miniature of his subject which illuminates the entire twenty-century period under review. A land where legend and myth have often conditioned reality, Palestine's imperishable quality is the fact that 'it is a state of mind'. But outwardly it has gone through countless changes. Antiquity is not its badge. Nature, the capricious policies of monarchs, and periodically recurring warfare have altered even the locale of its cities, towns and villages.

In tracing these changes through the Roman and Byzantine periods and the era following the Arab conquest, the historian has avoided on one hand the wilderness of detail which he himself traversed during three decades of research and on the other hand a sequence of barren generalizations which must inevitably have aroused the suspicion of his readers. He has made stepping-stones of events which chiefly characterized successive periods, leaving much unsaid in order that the whole may be assimilated. His progress is more leisurely in the period of the Crusades and again in part of the Ottoman era. The book closes with an extended account of war-time negotiations, featuring information not included in other easily available English publications.

Mr. de Haas has made a distinctive contribution to historical literature. He has combined the virtues of nineteenth and twentieth century historians without repeating their follies. He is sensitive to the importance of economic influences without endowing them with a spurious omnipotence. He appreciates ideas, but without sententiousness. He never plods. He expects his readers to possess lively minds and writes for their gratification. If he relishes wickedness a little more than John Morley, perhaps it is no more than his contemporaries and their forebears deserve.

In one respect readers must be on their guard. In the case of proper nouns the mischances of the composing room and study have been too frequent. Often one must accept names symbolically rather than literally. The difficulty is not only one of promiscuity in the use of English, French, German and other alphabets in the transliteration of Eastern names—the necessity for which the author deplors. Neither is it only a matter of alternative spellings for the same word—such as 'Bey', which appears in a

single page both as 'Bai' and 'Bek'. Turkish vice-roy, the 'governors of governors', who used to be addressed as 'Beylerbey', appear in this volume as 'Berlebey'. The famous 'Yildirim' shock troops operating in Palestine during the World War are miscalled 'Yildirin'. Talaat Pasha's name is changed to Taalat—an inversion as curious to Eastern ears as the substitution of Kimball for Campbell would appear to us. Transposition of both consonants and vowels is a recurring error. One is startled to find in the index under 'Rayahs, non-Muslims' a reference to these words: 'France had obtained a concession to build a railway from Rayah to Jerusalem.' The Syrian terminal is actually 'Rayak'. 'Arab' is not the name of a language but of a people. 'Arab-speaking' ought in every case to be "Arabic-speaking". A book so substantial and delightful deserves to be equipped with an unimpeachable array of names, and it is to be hoped that the second and all subsequent editions will have this advantage.

The Jews In the Modern World is a comprehensive and authentic survey. It is too scholarly to serve directly as a check on amateur sociologists of the anti-Semitic school, yet it is a timely volume for those who wish to understand the actual position of Jews in the world today. Statistics of migration, population and health, and trends in economic life, occupy more than half the book. The latter part of the volume is of greater general interest, since it deals with the political and spiritual issues involved in perpetuation of a separate Jewish identity.

For centuries Jews did not question their mission as a separate people. As rationalism gained headway in the West, however, they began to lose faith in their vocation as exponents of a pure monotheism. Advocates of assimilation grew in numbers and influence. To merge with the non-Jews among whom they lived seemed to offer the only prospect of a tolerable and useful existence. The assimilated Jew either gave up his religion completely or regarded it so lightly that he had no objection to mixed marriages.

To this process recent events in Germany have given a sudden check. Absorption becomes impossible wherever wholesale rejection of Jews is in danger of occurring. At the same time outside of Germany the substitution of state capitalism for the system of individualist competition is resulting in disadvantage to Jews. Private enterprise suffers from unaccustomed handicaps and in new state-sponsored economic organizations non-Jews are employed in preference to Jews. The decay of the capitalist system threatened Jewish communities with serious and prolonged depression.

L. B. Namier, general editor of *Studies in Modern History* to which this volume belongs, takes so bitter a view of the issue facing world Jewry today that he challenges the right of Jews to produce a further generation of children until a solution of the Jewish question has been reached. Dr. Ruppin writes more calmly, recognizing that no solution is ever permanent, since each time has its own problems and each problem can only be dealt with in terms of its

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own time. He himself is out of sympathy with both the assimilationist view and that of the 'Ugandists', who suggest the creation of a Jewish national state in some yet undeveloped region sufficiently large to accommodate a substantial part of the world's Jewish population. Although recognizing that Palestine can admit only a fraction of the Jews of the Diaspora, he sees in Zionism a force which may redeem Jewish life generally. Where religion has decayed, the Zionist ideal will check the process of absorption by other nations. Where religion is still vital, Zionism will heighten the significance of separate identity. He anticipates that the very existence of the Jewish National Home, with its intensive Jewish life and its insistence on principles of social justice, will give the Jews of Palestine a disproportionate weight and value in world Jewry. Thus a condition of equilibrium may be reached which for a long time will preserve the present position of Jews in the Diaspora itself.

The book is one which should be made available to the public in every reference library in Canada. It is a sane yet forceful exposition of a point of view shared by many Jews in this country. Non-Jewish Canadians, encouraged by the course of events to express vehement opinions on the Jewish question—on the strength of most meagre contacts with Jewish thought—cannot but benefit from the moderating influence of its informative pages.

ELIZABETH P. MACCALLUM

A HUMORIST'S CRUSADE

HOLY DEADLOCK, by A. P. Herbert (Doubleday, Doran & Gundy; pp. 372; \$2.50).

IT might have been supposed that the solemn and complicated idiocy of divorce regulations in England and Canada would be a happy hunting ground for hundreds of humorists. The system owes its comparative immunity perhaps to the fact that absurd exaggeration plays a large part in humour, and it is almost impossible to invent an exaggeration more absurd than those which our lawmakers have already seriously established in divorce procedure. The humorist is disarmed, unnerved, disheartened. There is no room left for the exercise of his art.

A. P. Herbert has accepted the challenge, has met the law on its own terms, and produced a riotously funny book by merely sticking to fact. But there is more to the book than mere amusement; in the tradition of the great humorists, it is also an indignant and passionate protest against stupidity, injustice, and cruelty. There is a bit of the crusader in almost all great humorists, for most laughter is laughter at something or somebody, and indignation is the best incentive to ridicule. Mr. Herbert has also, as he showed in *The Water Gypsies*, Mark Twain's gift of making his characters not merely ridiculous puppets, but living and credible human beings, whose fortunes one can follow with interest and pity.

The book turns on the attempt of two people, thoroughly decent and likable, but incapable of living happily together, to break off a childless and unsatisfactory marriage and start afresh. Thanks to the incredible institution of the King's Proctor, whose function it is to preserve respect for the sanctity of the marriage tie by compelling the continuance of exactly the most unsatisfactory unions, there is a topsy-turviness to English divorce that no province of Canada can match. But even the best of our divorce regulations are still so inhumanly and inherently vicious that there is great need for such reflection and reconsideration as this book must arouse.

The trouble is, you see, that our law is an attempt to combine two irreconcilable notions. It's possible, and honest, to hold, as the Catholics do, that marriage is a holy sacrament, and therefore cannot be terminated by men or the courts of men: and we may, and should, respect those who govern their own lives upon that principle. It is possible, again, to hold that marriage is a civil contract, a practical arrangement by which two reasonable beings agree to share certain rights and duties, an arrangement made by men and dissoluble by men. And that ought to be the point of view of any secular court of law, which is an institution designed for the practical assistance of men on the material and not the spiritual side of their lives. What is impossible is to combine the two—to say that marriage is both a sacrament and a civil contract, governed at one moment by the principles of common law and at another by the remnants of ecclesiastical tradition—enforceable by one set of rules, but not avoidable except by another. For that's making the worst of two worlds.

You and your wife should be able to go to the court, hand in hand, and say: 'My lord, long ago, when we were very young, we entered into the difficult partnership called marriage. We made a mistake, but an excusable mistake. We made a long and honest attempt (seven years) to keep the partnership going. It's not a case of recklessness or wickedness. We've tried hard, but we cannot live happily together. Our nerves, our health, our work, and our usefulness to the State are

suffering damage. The partnership is a failure. It has failed to provide children for the country, or a reasonably contented life for ourselves. We wish to be free, either to live alone or to marry again. And so, my lord, we ask you, in your discretion, to say that the partnership ought to be honourably dissolved under Section 35.'

'That sounds reasonable enough—,' began Mr. Adam. 'And therefore it is no part of the divorce laws of England.'

'What would happen if I went to the court and said that?'

The judge would say: "Pardon me, Mr. Adam, but has either of you committed adultery? We are not here, Mr. Adam, to secure your happiness, but to preserve the institution of marriage and the purity of the home. And therefore one of you must commit adultery."

If the institution of marriage is not to break down as Prohibition broke down, into sheer lawlessness, more reason and sanity must be brought to our treatment of it. Though indeed no prohibition regulation ever displayed an even comparable lunacy. Not only must the procedure be made easier, and above all, less expensive, but the grounds of divorce must be widened. The law as it stands, leaves the finer character almost entirely subject to the malice of the worse, who, while refusing to 'provide grounds', may easily in a thousand ways ruin the life of his enslaved partner.

It may well be that the family is the backbone of the State; but nowhere was the family held in higher reverence than in pagan Rome, where divorce was amazingly easy. It is a curious but indisputable fact, that under a system of prompt divorce, on broad, humane, and reasonable grounds, Rome achieved an Empire of as yet unexampled stability; she did not fall until after this conception had been abolished by the adoption of Christianity as the State religion.

As Mr. Herbert points out:

It is rather amusing to look at the list of European countries where divorce is easier—dear little Belgium, dear little Switzerland, Norway and Sweden, Denmark and Scotland—all countries whose moral character we English respect, quiet, peaceful countries notorious not for pagan license but for moral solidity and the practice of the domestic virtues. . . . If ever you pin the opposition down on the divorce laws the last refuge is the children. And that's the most humbugging excuse of all. As if there were no children in Scotland, or France, Switzerland, Belgium, Denmark, and the rest of them! If a marriage breaks up, the children must, of course, be provided for—and the law's doing it every day. But what good it does to children to tie their mother to a lunatic, or a man who beats her, or compel their father to commit adultery because their mother's had enough of him, has never been explained to me.

Decency and humanity will not be introduced into our marriage laws until the happily married, who are probably in the majority after all, protest against the ghastly and unholy travesty of their state brought about by enforced unhappy unions, and make it possible for their less fortunate fellows to rearrange themselves into something more like their own blissful condition. The opponents of easier divorce might do well to ask themselves occasionally, whether any of their opposition is motivated by the fear that only the most rigorous compulsion would hold their own partners to them, and to ponder the significance of the quotation at the beginning of this book, 'The strength of sin is the law', and of the dedication, 'To Mrs. A. P. Herbert on the nineteenth anniversary of her wedding'.

L. A. MACKAY

MEN OF IDEAS

LA CONDITION HUMAINE, by André Malraux (Librairie Gallimard, Paris). English translation, MAN'S FATE (Harrison Smith and Robert Haas; \$2.50).

DON'T you think it's a stupidity characteristic of the human species,' Ferral asks, 'that a man who has only one life can lose it for an idea?'

And old Gisors replies: 'It's very rarely that a man can endure—how shall I put it?—his condition as a man.'

Gisors and Ferral are two of the characters in André Malraux's novel, *La Condition Humaine*. In this question and answer they state the book's implicit thesis. Old Gisors thought the world itself essentially unreal. But men, and especially those who most opposed the world, had for him a strong reality. Gisors had seen enough of men of all sorts to know. And the Shanghai of 1927, which gave no reason for contentment with one's condition as a man, tested very strictly the measure of one's devotion to an idea.

The case of Katow proved that. A medical student in Russia under the Czars, he had been convicted of revolutionary activity and sent to a prison-camp. At his own request, he was allowed to go, instead, to the lead-mines in Siberia, to be of what help he could to his comrades. Later he fought with a battalion of the Red Army. He remembered a day when the Whites captured his battalion, on the Lithuanian frontier, and made their prisoners dig the graves they were to lie in. Katow escaped, desperately wounded. But in Shanghai, in 1927, he was still serving his idea. He did his part in preparing and in conducting the fighting in the streets. Wounded again, and taken prisoner by Chang Kai-Shek's men, he thought of the poison he had carried for years. But two young Chinamen beside him were unnerved by the prospect of torture awaiting them. Katow gave them the poison, and went to the torture in their stead.

La Condition Humaine deals with violence, not for any intrinsic interest, but because thought and will gain by being set against physical action and danger. It is a principle Conrad used in writing *Youth*. Indeed, M. Malraux, and it ought to elate him, has been compared with Conrad. What the comparison is worth must be a matter of opinion. He has been compared, too, with Mr. Hemingway. He cannot have a great deal in common with both those authors. But the likenesses, though they do exist, are superficial. Like Conrad, M. Malraux shows men attempting to translate their ideas into action. Like Mr. Hemingway, he remains largely impersonal in treating of his characters. But the body of his work is strictly his own. His creatures are many and of many nationalities. The forces that move them are economic and social as often as they are personal and emotional. And he writes of a China far more complex and far less stable than the country of *The Good Earth* and *The House of Exile*. This is to say that *La Condition Humaine*, besides being virile, is in the best sense a modern novel. It

is not a proletarian work. M. Malraux chooses for his principal characters men who are communists or terrorists or both. Why? 'The sons of those who have undergone torture make the best terrorists,' one of them says. That is one answer. For another, the alternatives to communism are the opium of old Gisors or the predatory career of Ferral; unless, with Clappique, one is to refuse the choice altogether and live for nothing but sensation. But primarily M. Malraux writes about them because communists are men of ideas and, in Shanghai, men against the world.

Lately we have had to look abroad for much of our best reading. In that realm, happily, internationalism is still possible, and the value of a good book is the same to readers in any country. In this connection, perhaps it is significant that *La Condition Humaine* should so persistently remind one of another fine novel of this year, *A Nest of Simple Folk*. The men of Ireland and the men of Shanghai could understand one another. As befits the setting, Mr. O'Faolain's characters have no gift for Marxist dialectic. But there are the same tough elements of *bête humaine* in Leo O'Donnel and in Katow. Chang Kai-Shek would have been glad to enlist Policeman Johnny.

To compare *La Condition Humaine* with the Irish novel is to perceive one weakness in M. Malraux's work, absent from Mr. O'Faolain's. M. Malraux lets his pattern appear too clearly. It is hard to phrase it otherwise. His book is written logically rather than organically. There is a cause for everything, and every cause produces its effect. The resultant neatness in the structure of the plot is a little overdone. In *A Nest of Simple Folk* the sequence of events is the more convincing for being more casual. We accuse M. Malraux of being too perfect a craftsman.

This is not to deny him feeling and power. None of his characters is an embodied abstraction, a type and nothing more. And to say that his pattern appears too close to the surface is only another way of saying that his pages are stripped of everything superfluous. If that is a defect, it is the defect of a virtue. The book has the high recommendation of interest.

'In literature as in conduct,' Stevenson said, 'you can never hope to do exactly right. All you can do is to make as sure as possible.' It did not need the award of the Prix Goncourt to tell us that M. Malraux had made very sure.

W. A. BREYFOGLE

WHERE ANGELS FEAR TO TREAD

THE BALLIOLS, by Alec. Waugh (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 547; \$2.50).

IN his latest novel, Mr. Waugh has fallen between three stools. He has attempted, as Rose Macauley attempted in *Told By An Idiot*, to compress into a few, sprightly pages a story which requires historical perspective for proper presentation, and the result is a cross between Galsworthy's *Forsyte Saga* and Noel Coward's *Cavalcade*; he has attempted,

also, to depict the impact of the War upon his own generation, but his effort lacks both the impassioned sincerity of men like Robert Graves and Erich Remarque and the profound feeling of Siegfried Sassoon; he has tried to show the degeneracy of post-war England, despite the fact that he is out of sympathy with the perplexed and neurotic victims of that period.

As a result he creates the impression of knowing what has happened without being able to put his feelings into words, a somewhat disastrous limitation for a novelist. The chief value of *The Balliols* is that it serves to underline the virtues of the writers by whose influence Mr. Waugh is evidently affected, particularly those of John Galsworthy.

In a world where the tempo of life seems to be forever accelerating, the slowly moving novel has fallen upon evil days. Hardy is appreciated, and laid aside in favour of Aldous Huxley. And the laboured movement of the early stories of the *Forsyte Saga* has provoked more than one joke about the interminable persistence of Galsworthy. It is only when one is confronted with the puppets of Alec Waugh, moving against a theatrical back-drop, that one realizes the magnitude of the greater novelist's achievement. One cannot invest a character with background merely by mentioning its existence. The story of John and Fleur Forsyte is poignant not only because they were star-crossed lovers but also because their sad tale is touched by the early, half-forgotten tragedy of Soames and Irene and young Bossiney, and because upon the two generations falls the shadow of the early Forsytes—of Swithin and 'Four-in-Hand Forsyte', of Aunt Julie and Hester. And though the influence of those ancestors, who held so tenaciously to the unchanging earth of England, becomes diffused and all but vanishes, the memory of it remains a dynamic element on the complex pattern of the Saga. That Alec Waugh should attempt to reiterate a theme which one man, one only, has adequately presented, is a tribute to his audacity rather than to his good judgment.

There is one character in *The Balliols* for whom the author can claim distinction, and that is Stella. She becomes an ardent feminist, and a public figure, but she is honest enough to realize that her triumphant career owed its inception to the choice she made one night in her austere club bedroom, when she refused to accept second best in the life she rejected. When Stella is present, the book lives; when she is not, the characters relapse into cardboard. Furthermore, their individual problems have insufficient relation to the main theme, if the book can be said to possess a main theme. Hugh's conquest of a junior and rowdy class in a public school is an interesting dissertation upon the difficulties of the schoolmaster, nothing more. Lucy's adolescent affection for her aunt, and the violent suffragette enthusiasm which it provokes is psychologically sound, but somewhat irrelevant. Edward Balliol's detached attitude toward life is possible, but almost pathological. Ruth's love affair is rather charming, and her jubilant surprise at the pleasantness of lost

virginity one of the best things in the book, but again her emotional experiences are but vaguely co-ordinated with the general movement of the novel. The book is a series of essays, attached to incomplete characters, and bound together by a loose thread of narrative. It would have been better if, like *Topsy*, it had just grown.

Alec Waugh, however, has at least the courage to be cheerful, at a time when cheerlessness is a literary fashion, and because of this he may yet attain a more favourable position in relation to his contemporaries. The easiest way to derive pleasure from his latest novel is to precede its reading by a dose of Wyndham Lewis. And the question arises as to whether the end justifies the means.

D'ARCY MARSH

PHILANDERER'S PROGRESS

DEFY THE FOUL FIEND, by John Collier (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 366; \$2.75).

THE writer must confess his abysmal ignorance! Before this book he had never heard of Mr. John Collier. Apparently Mr. Collier has published two other books, both of them highly praised by the reviewers in England. The names of these novels are *His Monkey Wife* and *Tom's A-Cold*. We are assured, by the reviewers of both these works, that the writer of them is a man of genius. And yet!

In *Defy the Foul Fiend* we are allowed a glimpse into the mind of a young man whose amorous adventures are paraded on the housetops for our edification. The mind of the young man is peculiarly degenerate, and as his sponsor into the realms of the written word has not seen fit to make him the victim of pragmatic illusions (in which case we could have sympathized with him, as we did with the protagonist of Joyce's *Ulysses*), and as his horrid little antics do not seem to be motivated by any higher complex than the complete indulgence of his Freudian urges, we must admit that we did not enjoy him.

Literature being selective as well as eclectic, we would seem justified in stating that the true Rabelaisian was the product of his age. He was a ripe, honest, if somewhat gross and lusty individual whose bawdiness did not offend because much of it came from high-blood pressure. Willoughby, on the other from high blood-pressure. Willoughby, on the other There seems very little excuse for his progressive philandering.

But—it must be said at once—Mr. John Collier can write. His wit is piercing, even if it brings with it, occasionally, the aroma of the latrine. His style is so artificial, and his situations so removed from life, that at times one is tempted to dismiss him lightly. But he makes us think. He is unpleasantly direct. In his way he is a genius, and his book will probably achieve a wide sale in the lending-libraries. This, too, is but further evidence of his wisdom.

C. J. EUSTACE

SHORT NOTICES

ORIENT AND OCCIDENT, by Hans Kohn (John Day; pp. vii, 140; \$2.00).

In this useful handbook, Dr. Kohn has characterized the effects of the increasing intimacy between East and West—an evolution as noteworthy in our time as the discovery and settlement of the Americas was in the sixteenth and seventeenth century world. A leading authority on political movements in the Orient, he has epitomized in this small volume the findings of years of study. He pictures a world in which the moral balance is rapidly shifting, implying the probability of fundamental changes in the relative positions of Europe, America and the East.

In the West a leaven of scepticism is at work undermining a once sacrosanct belief in the absolute superiority of Western ways of living and thinking, as compared with those of the East. In the East itself, meanwhile, resistance is increasing to Western political penetration. Nationalism is replacing religion as the major bond of common interest. Dr. Kohn traces the implications of changing emphases in the political, cultural, social and economic spheres of Eastern life, giving special attention to the position of Near Eastern countries as well as that of India, China, Japan and the Soviet Union, the large reservoirs of population.

The importance of this subject has attracted many writers in the past decade. The distinctive qualities of Dr. Kohn's synthesis are first his awareness of the influence of Eastern thought on the West and secondly his knowledge of the manner and degree in which nationalist movements in various quarters of Asia have influenced one another.

E. P. M.

THE SKELETON OF BRITISH NEOLITHIC MAN, by John Cameron (Williams and Norgate; pp. 272; 15/-).

This is an exhaustive study of the skeletal remains of Neolithic Man in Britain. The book is fully illustrated and provided with many tables of measurements. Through the kindness of Sir Arthur Keith, the author had access to the prehistoric and Anglo-Saxon material in the Royal College of Surgeons' Museum. He was also able to examine remains from ancient burial-sites in Minorca, and thus to make a comparative study of Prehistoric Man in two widely separated areas of Europe. The comparison was most instructive.

The skeletal characters of British Neolithic Man found an almost exact counterpart in the Mediterranean races of both the Neolithic Age and the Cop-

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BOOKS RECEIVED

The listing of a book in this column does not preclude a more extended notice in this or subsequent issues.

CANADIAN

THE SETTLEMENT OF THE PEACE RIVER COUNTRY, by C. A. Dawson and R. W. Murchie (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xii, 284; \$4.00).

CANADA'S DESTINY, by I. W. C. Solloway (Political and Economic Publishing Co.; pp. 113; 50 cents).

THE FORCES OF RECONSTRUCTION, by William Irvine, M.P. (Labour Publishing Co.; pp. 40; 10 cents).

GENERAL

HISTORY OF PALESTINE, by Jacob de Haas (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xxvii, 524; \$4.25).

HOLY DEADLOCK, by A. P. Herbert (Doubleday, Doran and Gundy; pp. 372; \$2.50).

THE COMING AMERICAN REVOLUTION, by George Soule (Macmillans in Canada; pp. x, 314; \$3.00).

PREFACE TO ACTION, by G. E. G. Catlin (Thos. Nelson; pp. 319; \$3.00).

THE SECRET OF HITLER'S VICTORY, by Peter and Irma Petroff (Hogarth Press; pp. 128; 3/6).

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE GOLD STANDARD, by Sir Charles Morgan-Webb (Thos. Nelson; pp. 187; \$1.30).

THE METHOD OF FREEDOM, by Walter Lippmann (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xiv, 117; \$1.75).

ENGLISH JOURNEY, by J. B. Priestley (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 336; \$3.00).

MODERN SWEDISH SHORT STORIES (Jonathan Cape; pp. 487; \$3.00).

THE I. L. O. YEAR-BOOK (International Labour Office, Geneva; pp. viii, 560; \$3.00).

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CANADIAN POLITICAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION, 1934 (Jackson Press; pp. 284; \$3.00).



The Reader's FORUM

PUBLIC WORKS POLICY

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM,
Sir:

It is more than unfortunate that THE CANADIAN FORUM should have featured so prominently in its June issue the article entitled 'Public Works Policy' by Mr. C. P. Wright, especially in view of the wide public interest in the long-heralded public works programme of the present Federal Administration. For while in the past the columns of THE FORUM have naturally contained many and varying expressions of personal opinion. Mr. Wright's article will certainly mislead those to whom it may have been an introduction to Federal engineering work, I trust that you will be able to provide room for this brief reply. It is further to be regretted that Mr. Wright's name did not appear in your list of contributors for one could then have confirmed what internal evidence from the article suggests—that it was not written by an engineer.

Mr. Wright's introductory section, suggesting that 'the Dominion Government has acted discreetly in delaying the inauguration of its programme of public works' is so naïve as to suggest that either Mr. Wright is a subtle leg-puller, or that he is about the only man in Canada who has managed to dissociate present public works policies from political entanglements. Just after the article appeared, Mr. Bennett stated in the Federal House that the proposed programme might not be introduced until after the voting in the Ontario and Saskatchewan elections had taken place in view of the keen desire of the Government to avoid any suspicion of attempting to 'bribe the people with their own money'. *Verb. sap.* On the other hand, Mr. Wright does well to emphasize that delay is unfortunate, although this is not due to the reasons given but mainly to the inconvenience caused in the reconstruction of many public works which should have been included in regular departmental estimates long since but which have apparently been hoarded up to swell the total of the programme now contemplated.

The article proceeds to its main purpose, the presentation of three suggestions designed to ensure that 'the Government and the public shall succeed in obtaining the fullest value for their money', a noble intention which it is interesting to keep in mind when examining the suggestions. The first of these

is the creation of a 'Board of Public Works'. And it is in discussing the supposed necessity for such a Board, from the point of view of carrying out the engineering work involved, that Mr. Wright makes his most unfortunate comment, one that shames THE CANADIAN FORUM for having published it. It is asserted that the 'traditions and standards of that corps are extremely high, and it has been assigned a leading part . . .' (reference being to the United States Corps of Engineers) and to this is added that 'in Canada, on the other hand, none of these conditions appear.' This is a direct slur on the staffs of the Departments of Public Works, and Railways and Canals. If Mr. Wright did not intend it as such, I hope that he will say so; if he did, I shall be interested to know on what he bases his assertion since anyone who knows members of these extensive staffs knows also of their keen devotion to duty and unimpeachable integrity. It is not suggested that the technical achievements of these departments in the past have always been as noteworthy as those of the American army engineers, although the Welland Canal, for example, is a civil engineering undertaking unsurpassed anywhere, but on investigation this will be found to be no fault of the engineers concerned but rather of the restrictions surrounding their work, and possibly also to the lack of money in every direction of their work due to the departments being essentially non-military.

This first suggestion implies that the author has no knowledge of the present organization of the two departments concerned, for their work is carried out in just such a manner as he suggests, but without the addition of a Board, and with certain advisable modifications. The design of, the economics of, and the necessity for local public works can only be determined in any degree accurately by the district engineers of the Department of Public Works, for example (whom, incidentally, it is a privilege to know). They, as engineers, will be well able to present the case for and against any particular work dispassionately. To suggest that this function can best be performed by a central board is to display an entire lack of knowledge of the difficulties which even the present degree of centralization creates in engineering work. To add, further, that such information if obtained by a central board 'would

probably be regarded as more reliable than the information that a government department, working under ministerial direction, could be trusted to supply' is yet another uncalled for and quite unjustified insult to the staffs of these two departments, and is clearly written in ignorance of the unusually dispassionate administration of the present Ministers. The extra expense of such a Board is carefully not mentioned by Mr. Wright, and one is tempted to ask that if one such politically appointed board be created, why not a super-board to supervise the first board's operations, and so *ad infinitum*.

Careful study of Mr. Wright's second suggestion still gives no clear idea of what he intends to convey. The class of work usually constituting public works programmes is 'not capable of producing much employment outside the construction industry alone' and so 'whenever possible the proposed works should be planned to give employment to workers in their normal occupations and within the range of their own homes,' the solution suggested being apparently the inclusion of housing schemes, schools, hospitals, and libraries in any contemplated programme. To avoid undue waste of your valuable space, may I recommend in answer to the first quoted statement that Mr. Wright gives some study to elementary statistics of the construction industry. He will then soon find that the greatest amount of employment created by public works construction is *outside* what is generally classed as the construction industry. The second quoted statement, while laudable in intent, is ridiculous in reality. Perhaps Mr. Wright can explain how an unemployed city-dwelling sailor, and there are many of them, can be employed on construction work at his own job, and from his own home. The final suggestion forces one to wonder whether Mr. Wright has ever studied a thing called the British North America Act. Again, his statement is admirable in intent but wholly impracticable and, quite incidentally, in no way an answer to the problem to which he addressed himself, since the construction industry is always understood to include civil engineering and general building contractors and their staffs.

Mr. Wright keeps his most interesting suggestion to the end! Let me admit that I am no more a lover of the present capitalist system than is apparently Mr. Wright but to this I must add that however radical my tendencies I could not bring myself to misquote percentages to the amazing degree displayed in this article. For Mr. Wright's information, on construction work actual direct labour costs will generally amount to between

one-third and one-half of the total actual cost of all construction activity; and promotional expenses which bleed private construction all too often need not be here considered. Practically all the remaining cost is for material purchase. Of this, probably up to ten per cent. will be a direct charge for transport, of which part is indirectly for labour; five per cent. may represent selling expenses, of which a part again is for labour; possibly five per cent. profit, and the remainder divided between raw material and labour. Profit, therefore, on the actual cost of a job is almost a negligible percentage of the total, and certainly not the 'ten, or twenty or even fifty per cent.' so glibly mentioned in the article. There should also be some profit between the contract price of a job, and its actual cost, to the contractor. Provided that contracts are awarded directly on competitive bidding (as is the standard practice of the departments concerned) anyone with the slightest knowledge of civil engineering and building will know that such profit, if it exists at the end of a job, is legitimate and well earned by the ingenuity and skill of the contractor, aided, perhaps, by fortuitous natural circumstances on which the contractor has initially to 'gamble'.

It may finally be asked why Mr. Wright has picked on the supply of materials to public works as the great leak through which public funds may be dissipated since this is, apparently, the main complaint covered by his suggestion.

It is realized, Sir, that the foregoing comments have not been constructive although this merit must be attributed to Mr. Wright's article. They are necessary, however, to counter in some way the three positively scarlet herrings which the article drags across the path of the innocent enquirer into public works policy. For Mr. Wright must know, if he lives in Canada and listens to general conversations, that just so long as our two main political parties maintain their present relative positions, with electoral arrangements unchanged, and party coffers as things of mystery non-existent until election time, and then replenished out of the air, just so long will public works continue to be pawns in the political game, and this despite economic and efficient engineering work, the existence of which Mr. Wright will do well to recognize.

It is well said, in the grandiloquent peroration, that 'economy and efficiency are not enough at a time like this.' What a pity that, instead of wasting four of your valuable pages with utterly useless suggestions, Mr. Wright himself did not 'sound the charge' so

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that many might have 'followed his call'.

Yours, etc.,

ROBERT F. LEGGET,

Professional Engineer of the
Province of Quebec

(Ed. Note.—Owing to the absence in England of Mr. C. P. Wright, the publication of his letter, clearing up certain misunderstandings and arguing various points in the discussion, has had to be postponed until next month.)

UNEMPLOYMENT

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM,
Sir,

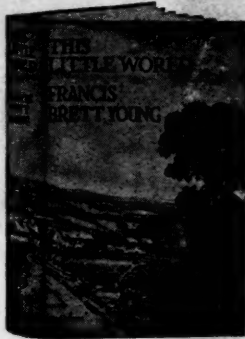
In its essence the problem of unemployment is entirely distinct from the problem of poverty. Poverty is normally characteristic of scarcity; it is found in its acutest form in China. Unemployment is characteristic of abundance; it is found on the largest scale in the richest country on earth. Unemployment is a symptom of national wealth: it suggests glut—a saturated market for food, clothes, shelter and comforts. A sufficiency of all these for everyone in Canada, as Mayor Houde of Montreal pointed out recently, could easily be produced by 'part of us' (the people now working). Poverty suggests, in Western lands, maldistribution of income. It could be abolished by 'taking' income from some and giving it to others. But unemployment is due to non-distribution of income. The remedy would appear to be, not the 'taking' of any existing income, but the 'creating' and disbursement of new, additional income. (Of course, if increase of leisure is really more ardently de-

sired than increase of real income, unemployment could be removed by sharing up the available work, through the reduction of working hours). Would such expansion of total income necessarily involve any more 'inflation' than a corresponding return to normal prosperity would do? If \$300 millions were created by bank-loans (they shrank by some \$700 millions 1929-1932) and distributed by the Government to the workless in embellishing Canada, the whole of this sum would be handed on by the recipients to the taxpayers, in exchange for the four primary necessities. If the taxpayers were asked to refund it in the form of taxes later, they would not, as a whole, be any worse off financially than they would have been if no action had been taken in the matter. The idea of taxation as confiscation seems to be erroneous. It appears to fulfil for public enterprise the same function that the price system does for private enterprise, viz: the completion of the money circle. Taxes are simply the 'price' of free communal services; and it is not easy to justify any further permanent increase of Canada's national debt. In the case supposed, every taxpayer would enjoy the national embellishments. These latter would result from the utilization of unused factors of production, and apparently would accrue to the citizens of Canada at virtually no net financial cost to the nation as a whole. The Dominion would be no poorer when it had got them. Where is the 'catch'?

Yours, etc.,

STUDENT

Montreal.



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By Francis Brett Young - - - \$2.50

One of the very finest novels of the season. The "little world" is the village of Chaddesbourne which lies at the very heart of the lovely English country which this author has made his own. We get to know the lord of the manor and his family, the tenants, both the better-off farmers and those who live in picturesque and unsanitary cottages, the understanding young doctor, the war profiteer, the rector, the teacher; the financial difficulties of post-war England. We enjoy the beauty of an English garden and the colourful gaiety and abandon of Bromsberrow Fair. This is a novel you can give to those who do not enjoy murder mysteries or scandals.

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By Clara Dennis - - - \$2.50

In delightfully informal fashion the author writes of the towns, roads, hills, valleys and her experiences motoring through this Province by the Sea. Historic spots are made to live in one's memory by the very interesting accounts of early days, some of them told as they were related to the author by old-timers. A book which will make you want to fill up your tank with gasoline or board the first train and go to see Nova Scotia for yourself. Illustrated with photographs by the author.

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By G. D. H. Cole and M. I. Cole - - - \$1.50

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• CANADA'S PAST IN PICTURES

By C. W. Jefferys, R.C.A., LL.D. - - - \$3.00

Both text and illustrations are by C. W. Jefferys, into whose exquisite line drawings has gone a whole life-time of historical research. Fifty full-page drawings illustrate outstanding events in Canadian history; each is accompanied by a page of more of description. The book is large size, 9½ by 12½ inches, so that the pictures are suitable for framing. The book will make an important and attractive addition to any library.

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• IN THE STEPS OF THE MASTER

By H. V. Morton - - - \$2.50

The title seems to suggest that this is a religious book, but such is not the case—rather it is a travel book describing the author's journeys through Palestine, Syria and Trans-Jordan in search of information dealing with the life and ministry of Christ. All the countries mentioned in the four Gospels were visited. The very cities, as Mr. Morton says, can have changed very little since the days of Christ, and Bethlehem is a direct confirmation of the story of the birth of Christ, composed as it is of rough dwellings consisting of one room in which the family lives, and a cellar underneath for housing the animals. It is a manner such as some of these that is described in the Bible as the birthplace of Christ. Although the sacred sites of Palestine have been the goal of countless pilgrims since pre-Crusading times, the average man and woman of today knows very little about them. H. V. Morton visits them all and describes them in a manner that will fascinate every reader.

• NIJINSKY

By Romola Nijinsky - - - \$3.50

A colourful biography of the life, art and travels of the great dancer of the Russian Imperial Ballet who has been called "the eighth wonder of the world". This book is probably of greater general interest than anything of the kind since the Isadora Duncan autobiography. It has continued a best seller for some months.

• CANADIAN AND OTHER POEMS

By Francis Cecil Whitehouse - - - \$2.00

"All... men who love fishing will enjoy the epic of 'The Kamloops Trout' and the poem called 'Memories'." "Mr. Whitehouse has lived in Canada for over thirty years and the business of banking has called him to every part of it from the Atlantic to the Yukon, where his observant eyes, his keen imagination, and his unique knowledge as a naturalist have provided ample material for his poetic fancy to work upon."—*Journal of the Canadian Bankers' Association*.

• THE NEW DEAL IN CANADA

By Eric Harris - - - \$1.25

"Major Harris describes his 'New Deal' as 'Controlled Capitalism' and he makes his exposition of it in a spirit so temperate, so judicial, so reasonable, and supports it with arguments so soundly reasoned and cogent, that it should make a profound appeal. It is well worth the reading of Americans because the conditions considered and the remedies proposed are very similar to our own problems at this moment."—*New York Times Book Review*.

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